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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING THE

FIRST of his LETTERS.

LONDON,
Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON in Ludgate-ſtreet.
MDCCLI.

which we ſhall give at length, both as it is ſomething curious, and as it may ſerve for an apology for ourſelves.

To HENRY CROMWELL, Eſq.

June 27, 1727.

AFTER ſo long a ſilence as the many and great oppreſſions I have ſighed under have occaſioned, one is at a loſs how to begin a letter to ſo kind a friend as yourſelf. But as it was always my reſolution, if I muſt ſink, to do it as decently (that is, as ſilently) as I could; ſo when I found myſelf plunged into unforeſeen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried myſelf in a diſmal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingring death (for life it cannot be called) ever ſince you ſaw me, ſequeſtered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converſe with, but the letters of my dead or abſent friends; among which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. Pope's in the firſt rank. I lent ſome of them indeed to an ingenious perſon, who was ſo delighted with the ſpecimen, that he importuned me for a ſight of the reſt, which having obtained,

tained, he conveyed them to the preſs, I muſt not ſay altogether with my conſent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be loſt in oblivion, and had no cauſe to apprehend the diſobliging of any. The public, viz. all perſons of taſte and judgment, would be pleaſed with ſo agreeable an amuſement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, ſince it was but juſtice to his merit, to publiſh the ſolemn and private profeſſions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by ſo celebrated an author; and ſincerely Mr. Pope ought not to reſent the publication, ſince the early pregnancy of his genius was no diſhonour to his character. And yet had either of you been aſked, common modeſty would have obliged you to refuſe, what you would not be diſpleaſed with, if done without your knowledge. And beſides, to end all diſpute, you had been pleaſed to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleaſed with them; and every one knows, that the perſon to whom a letter is addreſſed, has the ſame right to diſpoſe of it, as he has of goods purchaſed with his money. I doubt not but your generoſity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line that I came honeſtly by them. I flatter myſelf, in a few months I ſhall again be viſible to the world; and whenever thro' good providence that turn ſhall happen,

To Mr. POPE.

Auguſt 1, 1727.

THO' I writ my long narrative from Epſom 'till I was tired, yet was I not ſatisfied; leſt any doubt ſhould reſt upon your mind. I could not make proteſtations of my innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town, that I might ſend you thoſe Letters, as a clear evidence that I was a perfect ſtranger to all their proceeding. Should I have proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken has ſerved him to play his game upon us for theſe two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.—The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion to the time of printing them, 'tis manifeſt, that I had not the leaſt ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: but as people in great ſtraits, bring forth their hoards of old gold and moſt valued jewels;

jewels; ſo Sappho had recourſe to her hid treaſure of Letters, and played off not only your's to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the lady's laſt ſtake) into the preſs.—As for me, I hope, when you ſhall cooly conſider the many thouſand inſtances of our being deluded by the females, ſince that great Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your Faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

Now ſhould our apology for this publication be as ill received, as the lady's ſeems to have been by the gentlemen concerned; we ſhall at leaſt have Her Comfort, *of being thanked by the reſt of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himſelf any great cauſe to think it much offence to his modeſty, or reflection on his judgment; when we take care to inform the public, that there are few Letters of his in this collection, which were not written under twenty years of age: on the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much*

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PREFACE

Prefixed to the Firſt Genuine Edition in quarto, 1737.

IF what is here offered the reader, ſhould happen in any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies: it was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that ſo many Letters, of which he never kept copies, were preſerved; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very diſagreeably uſed, in the publication of ſome Letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman who printed them, without his, or his correſpondent's conſent, in 1727. This treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of the ſame kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from thoſe who he imagined had kept any. He was ſorry to find the number ſo great, but immediately leſſened it by burning three parts in four of them: the reſt he ſpared,

friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real ſentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſion; without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſate down with a deſign to draw his own picture, he could not have done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it (whether to himſelf or another) will inevitably find the features more compoſed, than his appear in theſe letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch than in a finiſhed picture, this very careleſsneſs will make them the better known from ſuch counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or a malicious deſign.

We hope it is needleſs to ſay, he is not accountable for ſeveral paſſages in the ſurreptitious editions of thoſe Letters, which are ſuch as no man of common ſenſe would have publiſhed himſelf. The errors of the preſs were almoſt innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in ſo many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever

gave

your Letters: he openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and ingages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend. Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it ſcreened from a diſcovery. Any domeſtic or ſervant, who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls ſhort of a volume, any thing elſe ſhall be joined with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his intereſt, all recommended under your Name: you have not only Theft to fear, but Forgery. Any Bookſeller, tho' conſcious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the conſequence to your Fame or Quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your Reputation is, the more your Name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of ſuch a nature, as the Law (which does not puniſh for *Intentions*) cannot prevent; and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs. You are therefore reduced, either to enter into a perſonal treaty with ſuch a man (which tho' the readieſt, is the meaneſt of all methods) or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your Inclination, or to publiſh them,

as

as are contrary to your Modeſty. Otherwiſe your Fame and your Property ſuffer alike; you are at once expoſed and plundered. As an *Author*, you are deprived of that Power, which above all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for your ſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful, entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *Man*, you are deprived of the right even over your own Sentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your Second thoughts; and of all the benefit of your Prudence, your Candour, or your Modeſty. As a *Member of Society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domeſtic concerns, your family ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expoſed to the Miſconſtruction or Reſentment of ſome, to the Cenſure or Impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying Converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting, ill conſequences. It is the higheſt offence againſt *Society*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe, and to be dreaded. To

open Letters is eſteemed the greateſt breach of honour; even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropt, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral Act. What then can be thought of the procuring them merely by Fraud, and the printing them merely for Lucre? We cannot but conclude every honeſt man will wiſh, that, if the Laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at leaſt may be found, to prevent ſo great and growing an evil.

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LETTERS

LETTER

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LETTER II.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I Have been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my madrigals for a great man or two who deſired to ſee them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an anſwer to your moſt ingenious letter: ſo ſcriblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuſe in their voluntary loans to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt debts, to their beſt and neareſt friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good-nature as good ſenſe (ſince they generally are companions[a]) will have patience with a debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider, when you have obliged me beyond my preſent power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honeſt man, if he but intends to be juſt when he is able, tho' late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a return to ſo much profuſeneſs of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they ſeldom accompany each other in other men[a], are

[a] *Good-nature and good ſenſe generally are companions*, yet *wit and humanity ſeldom accompany each other.*

in

come to me than any thing could be out of the country, tho' it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of ſincerity, or juſtice, for giving you your due; who ſhould not let your modeſty be ſo unjuſt to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is ſo ſhort of your deſert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the ſmoke only of friendſhip (as you ſay) however, you muſt allow there is no ſmoke but there is ſome fire; and as the ſacrifice of incenſe offered to the Gods would not have been half ſo ſweet to others, if it had not been for its ſmoke; ſo friendſhip, like love, cannot be without ſome incenſe, to perfume the name it would praiſe and immortalize. But ſince you ſay you do not write to me to gain my praiſe, but my affection, pray how is it poſſible to have the one without the other? we muſt admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me ſo much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but (my friend) that would be ſo hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, can't be perſuaded to it. Beſides, the vanity of a ſcribler is ſuch, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's; eſpecially when he muſt take pains to do it: and tho' I

minion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall tho' utmoſt capacity of &c.

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor-foreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country fools; that the firſt are

pertly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gayety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, tho' after a great deal of noiſe, and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: They are commonly known in the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: They live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard ſomething not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for tho' a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a man in love with himſelf (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of ourſelves, ſolitude, conducing moſt to make us look into ourſelves, ſhould be the

the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and mere outſide of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be ſent into ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually ſpoiled, inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas by being more converſant with Obſcurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, Solitude is his beſt School; and if he be a fool, it is his beſt Sanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't help ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſcontent that you do not come, tho' I ſo little merit that you ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt money, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOurs of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little ſatisfaction, and am proud to diſcover by it, that you find fault with the ſhortneſs of mine, which I think the beſt excuſe for it: And tho' they (as you ſay) who have moſt wit or money are moſt ſparing of either; there are ſome who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my caſe. I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone ſo much diſcontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to puniſh me for my fault (which I could not help) defer your coming to town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your charity always exceeds your revenge, ſo that I will not deſpair of ſeeing you, and, in return to your inviting me to your foreſt, invite you to my foreſt, the town; where the beaſts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ears or horns, purſue one another either out of love or hatred. You may have the pleaſure to ſee one pack of blood-hounds purſue another herd of brutes, to bring each other to their fall, which is their whole ſport: Or if you affect a leſs

leſs bloody chace, you may ſee a pack of ſpaniels, called Lovers, in a hot purſuit of a two-legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack to be ſingled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her up the ſooner from the reſt, as they are making a noiſe to the loſs of their game. In fine, this is the time for all ſorts of ſport in the town, when thoſe of the country ceaſe; therefore leave your foreſt of beaſts for ours of brutes, called men, who now in full cry (pack'd by the court or country) run down in the houſe of commons a deſerted horned beaſt of the Court, to the ſatisfaction of their ſpectators: Beſides, (more for your diverſion) you may ſee not only the two great play-houſes of the nation, thoſe of the lords and commons, in diſpute with one another; but the two other play-houſes in high conteſt, becauſe the members of one houſe are remov'd up to t'other, as it is often done by the court for reaſons of ſtate. Inſomuch that the lower houſes, I mean the play-houſes, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houſes) to ſilence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the [a] firſt volume of your Miſcellanies, which may be alter'd ſo as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe verſes (as thoſe on the Idleneſs of buſineſs, on Ignorance, on Lazineſs, &c.) to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions? For tho' (upon reading 'em on this occaſion) I believe, they might receive ſuch an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed ſo much, but any one would know 'em for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the Songs and Love-verſes? For theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs.

[a] Printed in folio, in the year 1704. P.

Yet

Yet I have try'd what I could do to ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on Lazineſs and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe. So that I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt 'till you have finiſh'd theſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe; namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force: ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſs'd, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification: for the great dealers of wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods; while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit, ſpare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commiſſion'd me to paint your ſhop, and I have done

my

my beſt to bruſh you up like your neighbours[a]. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuſe; you may take them lawfully for your own, becauſe they are no more than ſparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at laſt, if you think them but ſquibs in your triumphs.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I Receiv'd yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has (like the reſt of your letters) at once pleas'd and inſtructed me; ſo that, I aſſure you, you can no more write too much to your abſent friends, than ſpeak too much to the preſent. This is a truth that all men own who have either ſeen your writings, or heard your diſ-

[a] Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very eaſy to be diſtinguiſhed, may be found in the Poſthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems: particularly in thoſe *on Solitude*, *on the Public*, and *on the Mixed life*.

courſe;

courſe; enough to make others ſhow their judgment, in ceaſing to write or talk, eſpecially to you, or in your company. However, I ſpeak or write to you, not to pleaſe you, but myſelf; ſince I provoke your anſwers; which whilſt they humble me, give me vanity; tho' I am leſſen'd by you even when you commend me: ſince you commend my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilſt you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (againſt the cuſtom of great wits) to ſhew even a great deal of good nature with a great deal of good ſenſe.

I thank you for the book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the damn'd verſes I entruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to ſave them from other people's damning them: ſince the critics, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my papers, and ſelect what you think beſt or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, a; a harden'd old gameſter will (in ſpite of all former ill uſage by fortune) puſh on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially

cially ſince I have ſuch a *Croupier* or Second to ſtand by me as Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIII.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefyld being upon his journey to London, tells me I muſt write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his deſire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it ſo lately by the meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of ſending you the fair copy of the poem[a] on Dulneſs, which was not then finiſh'd, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common poſt. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own: ſince if you ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports ſhould be rais'd, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requeſts, that your papers were in my hands: no man alive ſhall ever know any

[a] The original of it in blots, and with figures of the References from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant, among other ſuch Broüillons of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him. P.

ſuch

ſuch thing from me; and I give you this warning beſides, that tho' yourſelf ſhould ſay I had any ways aſſiſted you, I am notwithſtanding reſolv'd to deny it.

The method of the copy I ſend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I deſire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, anſwering to the ſame in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, mark'd with the literal figures 1. 2. 3. 4. The firſt contains the Praiſe of Dulneſs, and ſhews how upon ſeveral ſuppoſitions it paſſes for 1. religion. 2. philoſophy. 3. example. 4. wit. and 5. the cauſe of wit, and the end of it. The ſecond part contains the Advantages of Dulneſs; 1ſt, in buſineſs; and 2dly, at Court; where the ſimilitudes of the Byaſs of a bowl, and the Weights of a clock, are directly tending to the ſubject, tho' introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of thoſe advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the Happineſs of Dulneſs in all ſtations, and ſhews in a great many particulars, that it is ſo fortunate as to be eſteem'd ſome good quality or other in all ſorts of people; that it is thought quiet, ſenſe, caution, policy, prudence, majeſty, valour, circumſpection, honeſty, &c. The fourth

fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which ſums up all the praiſe, advantage, and happineſs of Dulneſs in a few words, and ſtrengthens them by the oppoſition of the diſgrace, diſadvantage, and unhappineſs of Wit, with which it concludes [b].

Tho' the whole be as ſhort again as at firſt, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of ſomething in your firſt volume, or in this very paper: ſome thoughts are contracted, where they ſeem'd encompaſs'd with too many words; and ſome new expreſs'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning, (as you'll ſee particularly in the Simile of the clock-weights [c]) and the verſification through-

[b] This is totally omitted in the preſent Edition: Some of the lines are theſe:

" Thus Dulneſs, the ſafe opiate of the mind,
" The laſt kind refuge weary wit can find;
" Fit for all ſtations, and in each content,
" Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent;
" No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
" Unfear'd, unhated, undiſturb'd it lives, &c.

[c] It was originally thus expreſs'd:

" As Clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on."

in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a paper of verſes of his, To the Author of a poem call'd Succeſſio, which got out in a Miſcellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aſide the whole deſign of publiſhing any poems. P.

Theſe two ſimiles of the

out

out is, I believe, ſuch as no body can be ſhock'd at. The repeated permiſſions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe what I have done: for if I have not ſpar'd you when I thought ſeverity would do you a kindneſs, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no abſolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my ſtyle, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday, by the hands of Mr. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter of the 20th of this month; which, like all the reſt of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; ſince it tells me with ſo much more wit, ſenſe, and kindneſs than mine can expreſs, that my letters

Biaſs of a Bowl, and the *Weights of a Clock* were at length put into the firſt book of the *Dunciad*. And thus we have the hiſtory of their birth, fortunes, and final eſtabliſhment.

are

are always welcome to you. So that even whilſt your kindneſs invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me; ſince I may return you a letter, but never an anſwer.

Now, as for my owning your aſſiſtance to me, in over-looking my unmuſical numbers, and harſher ſenſe, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment; I muſt tell you I always own it (in ſpite of your unpoetic modeſty) who would do with your friendſhip as your charity; conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation; and even whilſt you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt: but that ſhall not ſerve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, the ſecond time; and ſave my rhimes from being condemn'd to the critics flames to all eternity; but (by the faith you profeſs) you know your works of ſupererogation, transfer'd upon an humble, acknowledging ſinner, may ſave even him: having good works enough of your own beſides, to enſure yours, and their immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my Dulneſs, by making it more methodical, I give you a thouſand thanks; ſince true and natural dulneſs is ſhown more by its pretence to form and method, as the ſprightlineſs

lineſs [a] of wit by its deſpiſing both. I thank you a thouſand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield: You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindneſs to you, as it would for me to deſerve, or return to yours; however it ſhall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonſtrate myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which upon my faith I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether made to myſelf, or to any other. For God's ſake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſerving

[a] By *ſprightlineſs* he muſt mean, *extravagance of wit*. For ſober wit would no more deſpiſe *method* than it would deſpiſe *words*, or any other vehicle it uſes, to make itſelf ſeen to advantage.

you more conſiderably than I have been yet able to do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others of your pieces; but ſince you deſire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I've mark'd theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their improvement. For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of Repetitions is but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my deſign; there remaining beſides to rectify the Method, to connect the Matter, and to mend the Expreſſion and Verſification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the mixt Life; the bill of Fare; the praiſes of Avarice, and ſome others.

I muſt take notice of what you ſay, of "my pains to make your dulneſs methodical;" and of your hint, "that the ſprightlineſs of "wit deſpiſes method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, conſider'd as propriety, ſurely method is not only neceſſary for perſpicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a ſimile

Mr.

Mr. Dryden us'd in converſation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only chuſe for the beauty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a manner as to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not diſguiſe any of my ſentiments from you: to methodize in your caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; otherwiſe you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and reduce them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER XVI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I Have had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which I give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even abſence (the uſual bane of love, or friendſhip) cannot leſſen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad, and ſorry for the report: in the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the next, ſorry that it ſhou'd give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think myſelf moſt

eternally oblig'd to you; aſſuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your ſake I love this life ſo well, that I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but 'tis in your power to enſure my happineſs in one and the other, both by your ſociety, and good example, ſo not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of your ſtyle, I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimand often ſhews more friendſhip than his compliment: nay love, which is more than friendſhip, is often ſeen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this teſt of your friendſhip I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleas'd with the good news of your going to print ſome of your Poems, and proud to be known by them to the public for your friend; who intend (perhaps the ſame way) to be revenged of you for your kindneſs; by taking your name in vain in ſome of my future madrigals: yet ſo as to let the world know, my love or eſteem for you are no more poetic than my talent in ſcribling. But of all the arts of

fiction,

fiction, I deſire you to believe I want that of feigning friendſhip, and that I am ſincerely

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

I Have receiv'd yours of the firſt of May. Your Paſtoral muſe outſhines in her modeſt and natural dreſs all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, labour'd, and coſtly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you deſign your country-beauty of a muſe ſhall appear at court and in public: to out-ſhine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected Town-dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their ſhame: but her artful innocence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as ſhe becomes public; and, in ſpite of cuſtom, will bring modeſty again into faſhion, or at leaſt make her ſiſter-rivals of this age bluſh for ſpite, if not for ſhame. As for my ſtale, antiquated, poetical puſs, whom you would keep in countenance by ſaying ſhe has once been tolerable, and wou'd yet paſs muſter by a little licking over; it is true that (like moſt vain antiquated

jades which have once been paſſable) ſhe yet affects youthfulneſs in her age, and wou'd ſtill gain a few admirers (who the more ſhe ſeeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners.) Nevertheleſs ſhe is reſolv'd henceforth to be ſo cautious as to appear very little more in the world, except it be as an Attendant on your Muſe, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame: ſo that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when ſhe will in the world [a], my old worn-out jade of a loſt reputation ſhall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make ſport or pleaſure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonſon your muſe's introductor into the world, or maſter of the ceremonies, who has been ſo long a pimp, or gentleman-uſher to the Muſes.

[a] This, and what follows, is a full Confutation of John Dennis and others, who aſſerted that Mr. Pope wrote theſe verſes on himſelf (tho' publiſh'd by Mr. Wycherley ſix years before his death.) We find here, it was a voluntary Act of his, promis'd before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was abſent. The firſt Brouillon of thoſe verſes, and the ſecond Copy with corrections, are both yet extant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand: In another of his letters of May 18, 1708, are theſe words. "I "have made a damn'd "Compliment in verſe upon the printing your Paſtorals, which you ſhall "ſee when you ſee me." P.

I wiſh

compliment; ſo that your firſt ſucceſs will make you for all your life a poet, in ſpite of your wit; for a poet's ſucceſs at firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to make him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your miſcellanies have ſafely run the gantlet, through all the coffee-houſes; which are now entertain'd with a whimſical new news-paper, call'd the TATLER, which I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. This is the neweſt thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (moſt people ſay) is drawing to ſuch a concluſion, as all Europe is, or muſt be ſatisfy'd with; ſo Poverty, you ſee, which makes peace in Weſtminſter-hall, makes it likewiſe in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no conteſt with any man, but him who ſays he is more your friend or humble ſervant, than

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

May 20, 1709.

I Am glad you receiv'd the [a] Miſcellany, if it were only to ſhow you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appearing in miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who, like other thieves, eſcape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like Banditti, ſafe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe kind of collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut naſcitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, (nam etiam mortuis iſti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parænetica, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the ſucceſs which, you ſay, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleas'd to ſay of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my favour, muſt be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can per-

[a] Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Vol. of Miſcellany Poems. P.

form.

form. My paſtoral Muſe, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance, by what you courtiers ſay to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young ſcribler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad: for nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to ſupply her ſons with as much of their own, as is neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If my verſes ſhould meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young author has not too much reaſon to be pleas'd with them, when he conſiders that the natural conſequence of praiſe is envy and calumny.

— *Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appear'd as a poet, he may give up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving arts: thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe miſtreſſes without portions, the Muſes, are never like to ſet up for fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatisfy'd if I can loſe my time agreeably this way, without loſing my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falſtaffe was, and may ſay of fame as he did of honour, "If it comes, "it comes unlook'd for; and there's an end "on't." I can be content with a bare ſaving game,

game, without being thought an eminent hand, (with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignify'd his adventurers and voluntiers in poetry.) Jacob creates poets, as Kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be eſteem'd a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I receiv'd from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend, and a true chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.—As for your wiſhing to ſee your friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long

long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt; upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be aſſur'd that all ſort of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleas'd with 'em: ſo that you do not come off with a bare ſaving game (as you call it) but have gain'd ſo much credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's Ladder raiſe you to immortality, by which others are turn'd off ſhamefully to their damnation (for poetic thieves as they are) who think to be ſav'd by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are: but the coffee-houſe wits, or rather anti-wits the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detracters or the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body (not even of thoſe they think well

of

of in their abſence) yet will give you even in your abſence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to ſpeak well of you whether they will or no: All this is true upon the word of

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY letters, ſo much inferior to yours, can only make up their ſcarcity of ſenſe by their number of lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of braſs money. But to be a *plain dealer*, I muſt tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them (as Dennis did mine) without your knowledge too, which wou'd be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for ſome dull rogues (that is the moſt in the world) might be ſuch fools as to think what you ſaid of me was in earneſt: It is not the firſt time, your great wits have gain'd reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praiſes; your forefathers have done it, Eraſmus and others. For all mankind who know me muſt

muſt confeſs, he muſt be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me ſeriouſly; who have given no ſign of my judgment but my opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, but my leaving off writing to the public now you are beginning to ſhew the world what you can do by yours: whoſe wit is as ſpiritual as your judgment infallible: in whoſe judgment I have an implicit faith, and ſhall always ſubſcribe to it to ſave my works, in this world, from the flames and damnation.—Pray, preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Sir William Trumbull; for whom and whoſe judgment I have ſo profound a reſpect, that his example had almoſt made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill carriage to me; having once reſolv'd to have revenged myſelf upon him by my marriage, but now am reſolv'd to make my revenge greater upon him by His marriage.

LETTER XXII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I Have had yours of the 30th of the laſt month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you cou'd be better pleas'd to be

his life he can only make him live about three-ſcore or fourſcore years; but by preſerving his reputation, he can make him live as long as the world laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pray, condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to ſave them from condemnation by the public. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, ſlaſh, cut, and lop off the excreſcencies and dead parts of my wither'd bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increaſe the value of them by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays you take the trouble kindly: ſuch is your generoſity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters out of intereſt, if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me: ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like

of a friend is telling his friend his faults in private, ſo the next is concealing them from the public, 'till they are fit to appear. In the mean time I am not a little ſenſible of the great kindneſs you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes in tune, ſince good ſounds ſet off often ill ſenſe, as the Italian ſongs, whoſe good airs, with the worſt words or meaning, make the beſt muſic; ſo by your tuning my Welſh harp, my rough ſenſe may be the leſs offenſive to the nicer ears of thoſe critics, who deal more in ſound than ſenſe. Pray then take pity at once both of my readers and me, in ſhortning my barren abundance, and increaſing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: And ſince no madrigaller can entertain the head, unleſs he pleaſes the ear; and ſince the crowded Opera's have left the beſt Comedies with the leaſt audiences, 'tis a ſign ſound can prevail over ſenſe; therefore ſoften my words, and ſtrengthen my ſenſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however I have croſs'd 'em ſo as to be legible, becauſe you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are ſtruck out in a copy, I ſometimes find more upon dipping in the firſt volume, and the number encreaſes ſo much, that, I believe, more ſhortning will be requiſite than you may be willing to bear with, unleſs you are in good earneſt reſolv'd to have no thought repeated. Pray, forgive this freedom, which as I muſt be ſincere in this caſe ſo I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would preſcribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your reſolution of ſeeing me in my Hermitage this ſummer; the ſooner you return, the ſooner I ſhall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or eſteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your abſence. 'Tis (I am ſure) a real truth, that my ſickneſs cannot make me quite weary of myſelf when I have you with me; and I ſhall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You ſee how freely and with how little care I talk rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendſhip, that one can ſay to one's friend the things that ſtand in need

of

every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you ſhall give your own ſanction and aſſent to, at the ſame time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this taſk; on the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of tranſcribing ſome pieces, at once to comply with your deſire of not defacing the copy, and yet to loſe no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the ſame way, if you pleaſe; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as Single Maxims and Reflections in proſe, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verſe[a]: And this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an eaſy taſk to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad Memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

A. POPE.

[a] Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December, 1715, but little progreſs was made in this deſign, thro' his Old age, and the increaſe of his infirmities. However, ſome of the Verſes, which had been touch'd by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of theſe Maxims in Proſe were found among his papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728 in octavo, under the Title of The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Eſq. P.

LETTERS

them over ſeveral times with great ſatisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verſes very tender and eaſy. The Author ſeems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mix'd of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his age[c]. I ſhall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him: and if he will give himſelf the trouble any morning to call at my houſe, I ſhall be very glad to read the verſes over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter. I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your letter, and ſhall be very glad of the continuance of a correſpondence by which I am like to be ſo great a

[c] Sixteen. P.

gainer.

poems; and the Spaniards are all too full c conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of paſto ral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Eu ripides. I am ſure there is nothing of this kin in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore yo have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee write to you without any ſort of conſtraint o method, as things come into my head, an therefore uſe the ſame freedom with me, wh am, &c.

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALSH.

Windſor-Foreſt, July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of makin you my acknowledgments for reviewin thoſe papers of mine. You have no leſs righ to correct me, than the ſame hand that rais'd tree has to prune it. I am convinced as wel as you, that one may correct too much; for i poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colour one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deade the piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightening o every part, is monſtrous: ſome parts ought t be lower than the reſt; and nothing look more ridiculous than a work, where th thought

corporation of Richmond in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of Paſtoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleaſes the common people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. Paſtor Fido indeed has had more admirers than Aminta; but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Coriſca, which is a character generally admir'd by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Paſtoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his ſhepherdeſs in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you aſk of the liberty of Borrowing; 'tis very evident the beſt Latin Poets have extended this very far; and none ſo far as Virgil, who is the beſt of them. As for the Greek Poets, if we cannot trace them ſo plainly, 'tis perhaps becauſe we have none before them; 'tis evident that moſt of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accus'd of burning thoſe that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be diſcover'd. The beſt of the modern Poets in all languages, are thoſe that have the neareſt copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common ſubjects of Poetry, the thoughts are ſo obvious (at leaſt if they are natural) that whoever writes laſt, muſt write

ſyllables, there is naturally a *Pauſe* at the fourth, fifth, or ſixth ſyllable. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of verſification. For example,

At the fifth.

Where'er thy navy | ſpreads her canvaſs wings,

At the fourth.

Homage to thee | and peace to all ſhe brings.

At the ſixth.

Like tracts of leverets | in morning ſnow.

Now I fancy, that, to preſerve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauſe at the 4th or 6th ſhould not be continued above three lines together, without the interpoſition of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at leaſt it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a weight, ſo tires not ſo much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of purely to ſupply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is abſolutely ſuch; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the ſame manner, which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rhime. The ſame cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous uſe of

The old have Int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' old have int'reſt.

The Hiatus which has the worſt effect, is when one word ends with the ſame vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other, are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know, ſome people will think theſe Obſervations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by ſome great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are theſe words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc eſt, Baccæ æneæ amæniſſimæ impendebant.* And Quintilian l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat & interſiſtit, & quaſi laborat oratio. Peſſimi longe quæ eaſdem inter ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt: Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera eſt*, I *anguſtior.* But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſolicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe *Tully (Orator. ad Brut.) Theopompum reprehendunt,*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, Eſq.

From the Year 1708 to 1711.

LETTER I.

March 18, 1708.

I Believe it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the World, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I gueſs you will expect me to recant this expreſſion, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heatheniſh name you have chriſten'd a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. Well, you have your Lady in the Town ſtill, and I have my Heart in the Country ſtill, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room

Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your letters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, that it will ſhow me (to my comfort) that even a wiſe man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt needs be when you can find leiſure to write to

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this letter; but I was reſolv'd to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould not I content myſelf with ſo many great Examples of deep Divines, profound Caſuiſts, grave Philoſophers; who have written, not letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatiſes about Nothing? Why ſhould a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be aſham'd to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole world has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be imploy'd about: But pray, Sir, caſt up the account, put all theſe ſomethings together, and what is the ſum total but juſt nothing? I have

no

no more to ſay, but to deſire you to give my ſervice (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of Antiquity: Pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but ſo many little living letters? What a vaſt reward is here for all the ink waſted by Writers, and all the blood ſpilt by Princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare ſay you never call'd him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was ſtyled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Auguſtus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waſte of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor ſurviving ſeven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judg'd by you if any man cou'd live in leſs compaſs? Well, for the future I'll drown all high thoughts

thoughts in the Lethe of cowſlip-wine; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis.

If ever I ſeek for Immortality here, may I be damn'd, for there's not ſo much danger in a Poet's being damn'd:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I Have been ſo well ſatisfy'd with the Country ever ſince I ſaw you, that I have not once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it beſides Mr. Wycherley and yourſelf. And from him I underſtand of your journey this ſummer into Leiceſterſhire; from whence I gueſs you are return'd by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old buſineſs of comparing Critics, and reconciling Commentators, and to your old diverſions of a loſing game at picquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous ſpectators; and for

of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their diſadvantage; and not out of any ambition to ſpread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That Poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which ſhall be deferr'd till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you in town, for the ſeaſon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you paſs'd your time the laſt ſeaſon: So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from the country, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our foreſt, he continued (as you told me long ſince he would) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I know you poſſeſs'd of, I ſhall add

that

accuracy, but to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, that to do it in my own proper perſon. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line—*Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Agenoreæ*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between theſe [b] two Statius has a deſcription of the council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this machine appears not till the ſecond book.) The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fiſty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in ſo tempeſtuous a night, might have render'd them very unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tranſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of con-

[b] Theſe he ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed verſion. P.

ſcience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words—*Hic primum luſtrare oculis*, &c.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the diſcreeteſt Poets, tho' he was the beſt verſifier next Virgil: In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he aſks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledæo*. When he comes to the ſcene of his Poem, and the prize in diſpute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it—*Pugna eſt de paupere regno.*—Very different from the conduct of his maſter Virgil, who at the entrance of his Poem informs his reader of the greatneſs of its ſubject.—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* [Boſſu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where, ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he ſays, *The whole world would be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?

S TO AND

ordinary flux of rhyme
s together, in which
ſee added, have been
you, that you may more
them. 'Tis a mercy I
th a number of original
, which our modern bards
g-time, in as great abund-
ſſoms, a very few where-
fruit, and pleaſe no longer
birth. They make no leſs
flowers of wit to the preſs,
bring their other flowers to
h if they can't get off their
rning are ſure to die before
e ſame reaſon that furniſhes
with thoſe noſegays you ſo de-
es the *Muſes Mercury* and *Bri-*
t to ſay *Jacob*'s Miſcellanies)
And it is the happineſs of this
nodern invention of printing po-
a-piece, has brought the noſe-
ſſus to bear the ſame price; where-
ick-ſpirited Mr. Henry Hills of
has been the cauſe of great eaſe
comfort to all the learned, who
abounding in tranſitory coin,
ontented (methinks) even
diſtributed gratis about the

which you are certainly in the right to be a profeſs'd enemy: tho', I confeſs, I could not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thought your obſervation true enough to be paſs'd into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice: But this example of one of the moſt correct and beſt of their Poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, tho' he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerv'd it.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

June 10, 1709.

I Have receiv'd part of the verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have ſome fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

may

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words — [a] *Cætera reliquo ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in him: (which I wonder Boſſu [b] has not obſerv'd) for inſtead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books: The narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to promote diſcord betwixt his ſons; afterward the Poet expreſly deſcribes their entring into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refuſal to reſign the throne. All this is in the firſt book; in the next Tydeus is ſent ambaſſador to Eteocles, and demands his reſignation in theſe terms,

Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, & amiſſæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida triſtes
Exul agit caſus.

But Boſſu himſelf is miſtaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; ſaying in book ii. cap. 8. that Statius

[a] See the firſt book of Statius, ℣ 302. P.

[b] Boſſu did not write a critique upon Statius, but only uſed him, as he did other poets occaſionally, for an example. So that it is no wonder there ſhould be faults and beauties in Statius which he did not take notice of.

opens

opens it with Europa's Rape, whereas the Poet at moſt only deliberates whether he ſhould or not[c]?

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expreſly paſſes all this with a *longa retro ſeries*—and ſays

limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus.

Indeed there are numberleſs particulars blameworthy in our author, which I have try'd to ſoften in the verſion:

dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmus,

is moſt extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

Vacua cum ſolus *in aula*
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par *ſtare* caput.

In the journey of Polynices is ſome geographical error,

In mediis audit duo litora campis

[c] That was the ſame to Boſſu's purpoſe; which was only to ſhew, that there were epic Poets ſo ignorant, or negligent of compoſition, as not to know where their ſubject ſhould begin.

cold

dreadful news of a ſick woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification, but being ſo well fortify'd with philoſophy, I ſtood reſign'd with a ſtoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was young and a gentlewoman; but no ſooner was her hood remov'd, but I ſaw one of the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and, to increaſe my ſurprize, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe nature for making me ſhort ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf; till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcover'd my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been conſulting her phyſicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a huſband could do to recover her. My father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the ſtudy of phyſic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this inſtant. I ventur'd to preſcribe ſome fruit (which I happen'd to have in the coach) which being forbidden her by her doctors, ſhe had the more inclination to. In ſhort,

I tempted,

I tempted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more like the Devil than ſhe like Eve. Having the good ſucceſs of the 'foreſaid Tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old ſerpent, and in ſpite of my evil form accoſted her with all the gaiety I was maſter of; which had ſo good effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant, her colour return'd, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of the air of a romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of truths, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by you in all points; eſpecially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of your friendſhip, juſtice, and ſincerity. At the ſame time be aſſur'd, that Gentleman[a] we ſpoke of, ſhall never by any alteration

[a] Mr. Wycherley.—From his laſt letters to Mr. Pope, the Reader may perceive ſomething of a growing coldneſs and diſguſt, apparently proceeding from the liberties his young friend had taken with his verſification and compoſition. Little virtue, and an exceſſive affectation of being witty, joined to the common infirmities of old age, jealouſy and loſs of memory, are ſufficient to account for the inſtability of his friendſhip, tho' we were

in

in me diſcover my knowledge of his miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many favours: And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more, than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be, ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs you have yourſelf obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have ſhew'd me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much the more you are a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, which I read in London, and ſince in the country, with more application and pleaſure: the thoughts are very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer by the verſification. If you would oblige me with the truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhould be glad to execute any commiſſions you would

not to ſuppoſe (what was the fact) that our Poet had ill offices done him by thoſe who were generally about the old man. *For*, (as Mr. Pope rightly obſerves) *each ill Author is as bad a friend.*

give

give me concerning them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothing would be ſo agreean entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at leaſt the ſatisfaction of your letters as long as we are abſent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very ſincerely

Your, &c.

Having a vacant ſpace here, I will fill it with a ſhort Ode on Solitude, which, I found yeſterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my paſſion for a rural life, and in the ſame employments of it.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter, fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound

and he who was yeſterday Cæſar, is to
ir John Daw. So that one might aſk the
queſtion of a modern life, that Rich did
nodern play; "Pray do me the favour,
, to inform me; Is this your Tragedy or
ur Comedy?"

ıave dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe I
ade myſelf it might be uſeful, at a time
we have no theatre, to divert ourſelves
s great one. Here is a glorious ſtanding
dy of Fools, at which every man is hear-
ıerry, and thinks himſelf an unconcern'd
ıtor. This (to our ſingular comfort) nei-
my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen
f can ever ſhut up, or ſilence.—[a] While
)f Drury (alas!) lies deſolate, in the pro-
eſt peace: and the melancholy proſpect
e nymphs yet lingring about its beloved
es, appears no leſs moving than that of
'rojan dames lamenting over their ruin'd
! What now can they hope, diſpoſſeſs'd
ir ancient ſeats, but to ſerve as captives
inſulting victors of the Hay-market? The
ed ſubjects of France do not, in our Poſt-
ſo grievouſly deplore the obſtinacy of their
ıry monarch, as theſe periſhing people of
, the obdurate heart of that Pharoah,

[a] hat follows to the end of this Letter, is omitted in thor's own Edit. P.

maſter acroſs the ſea to Salamis, where he dy'd, and was honour'd with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people of the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (tho' we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriouſly call'd the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, nam'd Wild-brat, to one of their Kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: he gave his Order this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory [a] which he heard from one that was preſent King Charles I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the Good-nature of the other without the Fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but be-

[a] Sir Philip Warwick tells this ſtory in his Memoirs.

lieve

lieve me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome ſcruple of ſending profane things to you in holy week. Beſides, our family would have been ſcandaliz'd to ſee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verſes. I aſſure you, I am look'd upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-diſpos'd perſon, no great Hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble ſport, and only unhappy in my want of conſtitution for that, and Drinking. They all ſay, 'tis pity I am ſo ſickly, and I think 'tis pity they are ſo healthy. But I ſay nothing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author ſince I came down, but have learn'd without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be ſo miſerable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the Parſon

firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remember'd at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of ſacrilege (do you think it is not?) to ſteal epitaphs. In my preſent, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourſelf, and ſome others. They ſay indeed 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferr'd, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they conferr'd 'em: Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd author; and dead in a civil capacity as a uſeleſs member of the Commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himſelf, will not comfort and ſupport another in his idleneſs: If thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flowers over him:

In

In the ſhades where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other; being all alike Inanes; we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that all alive as you are, you may not ſometimes diſdain—*deſipere in loco.* Tho' you are no Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs yourſelf to them (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of ſleep, without one dream of thoſe they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you, I am ſtill, tho' in a ſtate of ſeparation, Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his Moral, as his Theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

can be of that opinion; and ſo I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I aſk your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not addreſs to any one ſo well as to you, ſince I have found by experience, you moſt eaſily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to ſhow you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can ſay can be worth your reading, ſo I may as well throw out what comes uppermoſt, as ſtudy to be dull. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this elegy: I have changed the ſituation of ſome of the Latin verſes, and made ſome interpolations, but I hope they are not abſurd, and foreign to my author's ſenſe and manner; but they are refer'd to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eſteem no leſs a critic than a poet: I expect to be treated with the ſame rigour as I have practis'd to Mr. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

" not uſe me thus inhumanly. He bluſh'd at " his murder of Hector, when he ſaw my ſor- " rows for him; and reſtored his dead body to " me to be buried." To this the anſwer of Pyrrhus ſeems to be agreeable enough. " Go " then to the ſhades, and tell Achilles how I " degenerate from him:" granting the truth of what Priam had ſaid of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciouſly paſſes in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles's ſelling *for money* the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo proper; it in ſome meaſure leſſening the character of Achilles's generoſity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his ſon, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumſtance is no way to be queſtion'd, being expreſly taken from Homer, who repreſents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives the body, he uſes theſe words, " O my friend Patro- " clus! forgive me that I quit the corpſe of " him who kill'd thee; I have great gifts in " ranſom for it, which I will beſtow upon thy " funeral."

I am, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOOKING among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurpriz'd to find in the Rondeau of [a] *Pour le moins*—your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon Voiture, whoſe *Où vous ſavez* is much inferior to your *You know where*—You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend ſays) but the whole reckoning; who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a hint.

For my [b] Elegy; 'tis confeſs'd, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an awkward figure in the verſion. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but may be too ſublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd; but Xenophon in his Oeconomics, ſpeaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here deſcribed) calls it Paradiſos: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and ſerves for a gradation to the

[a] In Voiture's Poems. P.
[b] Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. xvi. Pars me Sulmo, &c, P.

pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to thoſe, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myſelf which I would be at the trouble of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs I once hop'd to have poſſeſs'd in Mr. Wycherley; but —*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for ſome years been employ'd much like children that build houſes with cards, endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a friendſhip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natur'd by-ſtander could puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myſelf with thinking, of this ſubject.

I was mightily pleas'd to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had track'd me ſo far as France. You ſee 'tis with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read, floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however can't be ſaid of the love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrow'd.

borrow'd. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it ſeems, ſearch'd in Waller, but ſearch'd in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me ſo freely, and it will ſave me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the ſeveral thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibling at your verſes, and have not forgot who promis'd me Ovid's elegy *Ad Amicam navigantem*. Had Ovid been as long compoſing it, as you in ſending it, the lady might have ſail'd to Gades, and receiv'd it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticiſm upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I deſire you to furniſh me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic ſervat ſtudii fœdera quiſque ſui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me you, met at Epſom) for telling you truth, as a man is in theſe days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I ſhould be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and eſteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;

Unum

I hope it will be no offence to give my moſt hearty ſervice to Mr. Wycherley, tho' I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, ſince he there told me he was going inſtantly out of town, and till his return was my ſervant, *&c.* I gueſs by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, aſſure him I have ever borne all the reſpect and kindneſs imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has eſtranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more ſafely my friend, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever more make me ſo free with him. I could not have thought any man ſo very cautious and ſuſpicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a maxim of ſafety, but not ſo much of honeſty. There is but one way I know of converſing ſafely, with all men, that is, not by concealing what we ſay or do, but by ſaying or doing nothing that deſerves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boaſt this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his Jealouſy, which is become his nature, and ſhall never be his enemy whatſoever he ſays of me.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am obliged to the ſight of your love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been call'd in queſtion, if you had not forced me, upon ſo many other occaſions to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compar'd [a] Mr. Row's verſion of the ix[th] of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the prieſts; one where Cato ſays—*Sortilegis egeant dubii*—and one in the ſimile of the Hæmorrhois—*fatidici Sabæi*—He is ſo errant a whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his author, in paſſion for liberty, and averſion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix *in initio*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Row has this Line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

[a] Pieces printed in the 6th vol. of Tonſon's Miſcellanies. P.

Pray

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphæricus in this or no?

Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Nov 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my love-verſes, gave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure you it only did what every good-natur'd action of yours has done ſince, confirm'd me more in that opinion. The fable of the nightingale in Philips's paſtoral, is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the ſame ſubject, in his *Proluſiones Academicæ*; only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's concluſion of the *Culex*. I can't forbear giving you a paſſage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the Engliſh poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoſo verbere pulſat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; ſimul hos, ſimul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox ſilet. Illa modis totidem reſpondet, & artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,

Row here ſays no more, than that he look'd down on the rays of the ſun, which Pompey might do, even tho' the body of the ſun were above him.

'You can't but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the ſake of his fine deſcriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reaſon than this;

Hæc eadem ſuadebat hiems, quæ clauſerat æquor.

The winter's effects on the ſea, it ſeems, were more to be dreaded than all the ſerpents, whirlwinds, ſands, &c. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his ſpeech to the ſoldiers: Then he fetches a compaſs a vaſt way round about, to the Naſamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: and Labienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him when he ſays—*ſors obtulit, & fortuna viæ*—either Labienus or the map, is very much miſtaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken firſt in his way to Utica) and ſo to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who ſeems to have made Cato ſpeak his own mind, when he tells his army—*Ire ſat eſt*—no matter whither. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE ſyſtem of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan with the reſt of the Latin poets, ſeems to follow Plato; whoſe order of the ſpheres is clear in Cicero, *De natura Deorum*, *De ſomnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius, The ſeat of the *Semidei manes* is Platonic too, for *Apuleius De deo Socratis* aſſigns the ſame to the Genii, viz. the region of the Air for their intercourſe with gods and men; ſo that, I fancy, Rowe miſtook the ſituation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, *Look down on the ſun's rays.* I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wiſh you had told me, if the *ſortilegi*, and *fatidici*, could licenſe his invective againſt prieſts; but, I ſuppoſe, you think them (with Helena) undeſerving of your protection. I agree with you in Lucan's errors, and the cauſe of them, his poetic deſcriptions: for the Romans then knew the coaſt of Africa from Cyrene (to the ſouth-eaſt of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray, remember how your Homer nodded while Ulyſſes ſlept, and waking

waking knew not where he was, in the ſhort paſſage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's verſions for their juſtneſs; his Pſalm is excellent, the prodigies in the firſt Georgic judicious (whence I conclude that 'tis eaſier to turn Virgil juſtly in blank verſe, than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run thus,

The blaſted Phaeton *with blazing hair,*
Shot gliding thro' the vaſt abyſs of air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling ſtar.

I am, Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle, which we have taken up in our correſpondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, 'tis a mercy on this occaſion that I do not give you an account of his life and converſation; as how he liv'd ſome years like an inchanted knight in

a certain iſland, with a tale of a King of Denmark's miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs—But I have compaſſion on you, and would not for the world you ſhould ſtay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the moon, Sappho will want your preſence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loſs Drury-lane will ſuſtain, when Mr. *C*—— is in the milky way. Theſe celeſtial thoughts put me in mind of the prieſts you mention, who are a ſort of Sortilegi in one ſenſe, becauſe in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at beſt in an uncertainty, whereas the ſetters-up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are Conſtables as they repreſent the King; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeneſs in them. Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as much as I deteſt the bad, and I think, that in condemning theſe, we praiſe thoſe. The tranſlations from Ovid I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; becauſe I think they have little of the main characteriſtic of this author, a graceful eaſineſs. For let the ſenſe be ever ſo exactly render'd, unleſs an author looks like himſelf, in his air, habit, and manner, 'tis a diſguiſe, and not a tranſlation.

tranſlation. But as to the Pſalm, I think David is much more beholden to the tranſlator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, ſo he has made the Jew ſpeak like a Roman.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1710.

THE ſame judgment we made on Rowe's ixth of Lucan will ſerve for his part of the vith, where I find this memorable line,

Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atque virum.

For this he employs ſix verſes, among which is this,

As if on Knightly terms in liſts they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an anachroniſm?—Tickel in his verſion of the Phœnix from Claudian,

When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign.

Claudian thus,

Et

this head will only fall the thoughts, the expreſſion, and the numbers. Theſe are only the pleaſing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to expreſs myſelf like a painter) their colouring entertains the ſight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himſelf upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often ſtrain'd and ſtiffen'd to make them appear the greater. For men are never ſo apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconſiderate authors would rather be admir'd than underſtood. This ambition of ſurprizing a reader, is the true natural cauſe of all fuſtian, or bombaſt in poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt Poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanza's are as ſublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d ſtanza's of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: and if theſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the firſt one may gueſs at all the reſt; to be like

like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and ſuitable expreſſions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A reader may ſkim off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is beſt.

To ſpeak of his numbers, is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric; 'tis evident his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his Muſic's Duel) is careleſly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that, had he taken more care, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet: and the time conſider'd of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this author are, a Paraphraſe on Pſal. xxiii. On Leſſius, Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppos'd miſtreſs, and the *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Decemb. 30, 1710.

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out myſelf upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a letter. They are at preſent upon laughter, which (for aught I know) may be the cauſe you might ſometimes think me too remiſs a friend, when I was moſt intirely ſo: for I am never ſo inclin'd to mirth as when I am moſt pleas'd and moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend like yourſelf.

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs, nor diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendſhip, who expect diſtance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, tho' a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf in a heathen way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be poſitive to ſo nice a critic as you, but his robe might be ſubnected with a Fibula.) I know ſome philoſophers define laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own*

own favour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another: but I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as fillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provoked to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome *circumſtance of a thing*, when the *thing itſelf* appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior man, that is, our judgment and reaſon. Let an Ambaſſador ſpeak the beſt ſenſe in the world, and deport himſelf in the moſt graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the tail of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people ſhall laugh at that than attend to the other; 'till they recollect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot the leſs reſpect for the miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniquity of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of my face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and ſets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man ſo much, as him in whoſe ſight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *ſub perſona* before a man I love;

love; and not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature than any thing I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical way of making a maſk of one's own face.—To conclude, thoſe that are my friends I *laugh with*, and thoſe that are not I *laugh at*; ſo am merry in company, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by myſelf. You take juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not your friends, are very civil; and to thoſe that are, very endearing and complaiſant: thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Riſus & Blanditiæ* united together in converſation, as they commonly are in a verſe. But without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment on the other, I aſſure you I am, with real eſteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Oct. 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley viſited me at Bath in my ſickneſs, and expreſs'd much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he preſently writ to you; in which I inſerted my ſcrall, and after, a ſecond.

He

He went to Glouceſter in his way to Salop, but was diſappointed of a boat, and ſo return'd to the Bath; then he ſhewed me your anſwer to his letters, in which you ſpeak of my good-nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illneſs. I could not poſſibly be in the ſame houſe with Mr. Wycherley, tho' I ſought it earneſtly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, we talk'd of you. He praiſes your [a] Poem, and even out-vies me in kind expreſſions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every poſt; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking ſo much of your great humanity and tenderneſs to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural diſpoſition to you, was the cauſe; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your houſe, and I muſt go with him; but firſt he will invite you ſpeedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday laſt much wearied, yet had wrote ſooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his ſervice) that you was gone from home. Lewis ſhewed me your Letter, which ſet me right, and your next let-

[a] Eſſay on Criticiſm. P.

to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carried you off triumphantly, ſet you on an eaſier pad, and relieved the wandring knight with a night's lodging and rural repaſt, at our caſtle in the foreſt? But theſe are only the pleaſing imaginations of a diſappointed lover, who muſt ſuffer in a melancholy abſence yet theſe two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muſes for want of your better company; the Muſes, *quæ nobiſcum pernoctant, peregrinantur, ruſticantur*. Thoſe aërial ladies juſt diſcover enough to me of their beauties to urge my purſuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining thoſe favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the firſt tranſient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like thoſe various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

I am highly pleaſed with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's preſent temper,

which ſeems ſo favourable to me. I ſhall ever have ſuch a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myſelf when I am ſo to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more over-caſt—I ſhould be glad to ſee the verſes to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, ſomething oddly agreeable may be produced from that ſubject—For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo can make me better; and if you would have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long ſollicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has rang'd at large

large like a libertine, now ſeems confin'd to you: and I ſhould take him for your miſtreſs too by your ſimile of the ſun and earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your luſtre, perſuades me it would be juſter by the reverſe. Oh happy favourite of the Muſes! how *pernoctare*, all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but ſkirmiſh with them, and decline a cloſe engagement. Leave Elegy and tranſlation to the inferior claſs, on whom the Muſes only glance now and then like our winter-ſun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis ſays, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticiſm. Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not ſupport the ſinking Drama; and Mr. Wilks (tho', I think, his talent is Comedy) has expreſs'd a furious ambition to ſwell in your buſkins. We have had a poor Comedy of Johnſon's (not Ben) which held ſeven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is ſharp-ſet on new plays. In vain would I fire you by intereſt or ambition, when your mind is not ſuſceptible of either; tho' your authority (ariſing from the general eſteem, like that of Pompey) muſt infallibly aſſure you of ſucceſs; for which

in all your wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a ſacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt faces in the univerſe. But indeed 'tis ſome conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal darts from thoſe unerring eyes, and about a thouſand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an abſent friend in theſe circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a Critic would ſay after Terence) *ſo elegant a ſpectator of forms*; you muſt have a ſober diſh of coffee, and a ſolitary candle at your ſide, to write an epiſtle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outſhine the golden god of day and ſilver goddeſs of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the

the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of theſe my tapers, but it is no ſuch matter; theſe are eyes that have more perſuaſion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and geſture together, let her put her body into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you could never have found ſo improper a time to tempt me with intereſt or ambition: let me but have the reputation of theſe in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to ſay, my Paſtorals, for one of them, and my Eſſay for the other? I would lay out all my Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Tranſlation for a Waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miſs Molly, Miſs Betty, or Miſs Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are thoſe at this inſtant that murder me? I'll e'en compoſe my own Tragedy, and the poet ſhall appear in his own perſon to move compaſſion: 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's entring with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miſerable object brought upon the ſtage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow,

moſt durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would ſo readily receive, or ſo faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly ſay of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I muſt complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller theſe three days, it has done all poſſible injury to the fineſt face that ever was made, and to the livelieſt image that ever was drawn. I have Imagination enough in your abſence, to trace ſome reſemblance of you; but I have been ſo long us'd to loſe my Judgment at the ſight of you, that 'tis paſt my power to correct it by the life. Your picture ſeems leaſt like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifeſt diſadvantage by being ſet in the faireſt light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, ſhe made ſuch a finiſh'd piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Madam; I proteſt, I meant but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one ſomething like it, betwixt five and ſix years paſt: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of ſpirit and life, and wants nothing

but

there is, muſt be on the ſide of the wife, and the huſband's part, as uſual, will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal pair are put together in this ſheet? in which, tho' we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expreſſion) are as a two-edg'd ſword, whereof lady M. is the ſhining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of thoſe honours a huſband receives for the ſake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this epiſtle but ſquints towards another over-againſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but diſcover, how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after lady M's. letters, which ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man, in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal, in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myſelf, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, 'tis you forget

forget yourſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides, can you imagine a man of my importance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your huſband? Let us ſee how far Lady M. herſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir Robert can be ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country) to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady ſays, is taken for ſatire. For my part, every body knows it is my conſtant practice to ſpeak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into ſo much gayety of temper, that there will not be a ſerious word in this day's letter. No more, you'll ſay, there would, if I told you the whole ſerious buſineſs of the town. All laſt night I continued with you, tho' your unreaſonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three a clock. I dreamed all over the evening's converſation, and ſaw the little bed in ſpite of you. In the morning

morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me ſo abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old Beauty; ſhe appear'd at the table like a Death's head enamell'd. The Egyptians, you know, had ſuch things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the laſt of theſe objections was ſoon remov'd; for the lady had ſo violent an appetite for a ſalmon, that ſhe quickly eat all the patches off her face. She divided the fiſh into three parts; not equal, God knows; for ſhe helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the reſt much the largeſt part took it herſelf, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My ſupper was as ſingular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way.) He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I ſhould make no jeſt of) but, having forgot to dine. He fell moſt furiouſly on the broil'd relics of a ſhoulder of mutton, commonly call'd a blade-bone: he profeſſed he never taſted ſo exquiſite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or ſeen it at other tables; and deſir'd to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the ſame

for the future? And yet this man, ſo ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or ſix miſerable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to day.

LETTER V.

The Anſwer.

YOU ſhould have my Day too, Sir, but indeed I ſlept it out, and ſo I'll give you all that was left, my laſt Night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would ſay I came in the Nick.) The Lady colour'd, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: No body ſpoke to me, and I ſat down diſappointed; then affecting a careleſs air, gap'd, and cried ſeven or eight times, *D'ye win or loſe?* I could ſafely ſay at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the ſeven, lively ſins; and in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me if I had died! Moralizing ſat I by the hazard-table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the craſh of worlds with as much contempt as ever

The days of beauty are as the days of greatneſs, and ſo long all the world are your adorers. I am one of thoſe unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are remov'd from the ſenſe of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece of Popery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent, into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a ſort of piety. I can't be ſatisfied with ſtrowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt: but muſt conſider you as a glorious tho' remote being, and be ſending addreſſes

addreſſes after you. You have carried away ſo much of me, that what remains is daily languiſhing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I ſhall think *Aurat Bazar* [a] as good a place as *Covent Garden*. You may imagine this is raillery, but I am really ſo far gone as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic, ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conſcience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor you, for conſtancy to your lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you went, frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed moſt in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom'd wig; which I did but aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered, *Love is blind*. I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

[a] At Conſtantinople.

Pray

noiſe, ſlander, and diſſenſion, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and its furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully reſign'd myſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or purſued here: for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and, I'm ſenſible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to ſhow this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourſelf be quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you think

quite

quite ſo far as I am now led to do; but, to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier, and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I don't wiſh you, and therefore 'tis no ſmall grief to me that I ſhall for the future be leſs able to partake with you in them. But let fortune do her worſt, whatever ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us loſe our honeſty and our independance; I deſpiſe from my heart whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. G—'s condition in this laſt reſpect of dependance. He has Merit, Good-nature, and Integrity, three qualities, that I fear are too often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a match for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like. I'm ſure his late action deſerves eternal favour and eſteem: Lord Bathurſt was charm'd with it, who came hither to ſee me before his journey. He aſk'd and ſpoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Forteſcue comes to me from London about B—'s ſuit in *forma pauperis*. That poor man looks ſtarved: he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed 'tis wanted; the poor creature can ſcarce ſtir or ſpeak; and

I apprehend he will die, juſt as he gets ſom thing to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

THIS is a day of wiſhes for you, an hope you have long known, there is one good one which I do not form in your half. Every year that paſſes, I wiſh ſo things more for my friends, and ſome thi leſs for myſelf. Yet were I to tell you wh wiſh for you in particular, it would be only repeat in proſe, what I told you laſt yea rhyme (ſo ſincere is my poetry:) I can o add, that as I then wiſh'd you a friend [a], I n wiſh that friend were Mrs. ——

Abſence is a ſhort kind of death; and in ther, one can only wiſh, that the friends are ſeparated from, may be happy with th that are left them. I am therefore very ſo citous that you may paſs much agreeable ti together: I am ſorry to ſay I envy you other companion; tho' I hope you have thers that you like; and I am always pleas'd that hope, when it is not attended with fears on your own account.

[a] *To Mrs. —— on her Birth-day.*

" O be thou bleſt with all that heav'n can ſend,
" Long health, long life, long pleaſure, and a *friend*

I

I was troubled to leave you both, juſt as I fancy'd we ſhould begin to live together in the country. 'Twas a little like dying the moment one had got all one deſir'd in this world. Yet I go away with one generous ſort of ſatisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleas'd to hear ſome certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his paſſage, and the new regions thro' which he travell'd, deſcribed; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he liv'd among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepar'd ſoul) have ſeen nothing I like ſo well as what I left: No ſcenes of Paradiſe, no happy bowers, equal to thoſe on the banks of the Thames. Whereever I wander, one reflection ſtrikes me: I wiſh you were as free as I; or at leaſt had a tye as tender, and as reaſonable as mine, to a relation that as well deſerved your conſtant thought, and to whom you would be always pull'd back (in ſuch a manner as I am) by the heart-ſtring. I have never been well ſince I ſet out: but don't tell my mother ſo; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the ſame reaſon may prevent her ſending a true account of her health to me, I muſt deſire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves

ly expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffer'd alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touch'd at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people ſo rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a Chriſtian as to be willing to reſign my own happineſs here, for hers in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety, for every wiſh I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herſelf may deſire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wiſh: May her beauty be as great as poſſible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and compliments dare to do: ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me ſo more than ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the generous tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion. Your, &c.

LETTER

word this heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſupplied as faſt as Intereſt or Ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it lett out into lodgings for its friends, and ſhall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in Chriſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) enlarges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you, it has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may interpoſe between you and the place you deſign for; and that you were reſtored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the boſom of your country? I hear you are come as far as —: do you only look back to die twice? is Eurydice once more ſnatched to the hades? If ever mortal had reaſon to hate the King, it is I, whoſe particular misfortune it is, to be almoſt the only innocent perſon he has made to ſuffer; both by his Government at home, and his Negotiations abroad.

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you might paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant way; that all the road might be roſes and

Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit thro' all your ways, I follow you through every ſtage in books of travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I enquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you paſs, with as much diligence, as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your Guardian-angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery as to fancy ſome Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourſelf: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhow me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt dove that return'd to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg

beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs thro', will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular Perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *public-ſpirited*; let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a Public ſpirit; for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C——, he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now

Wootton, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of ingaging in a ſtyle of Compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

LETTER II.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I Have this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when

when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your deſires than that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not yet ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practiſed in the art. There may poſſibly be ſome happy genius's, who may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: but this, tho' it may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſubject to many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole compoſure, in all the parts of it.

Beſides my want of ſkill, I have another reaſon why I ought to ſuſpect myſelf, by reaſon of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old-faſhioned ſincerity) that I entirely approve of your

tranſlation of thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification and the true ſenſe that ſhines thro' the whole: Nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that you would proceed in tranſlating that incomparable Poet, to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Prænesteſ: Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, &c. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to ſend this preſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and, I hope, it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew B.'s obſervations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had not time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavour'd very faithfully (though, he told me, very haſtily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhould hinder you from publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall only be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſwade you to oblige

the public, and very particularly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER III.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of The Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an Engliſhman to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem: for you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim

care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employ'd in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in painting, in which I am moſt particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this occaſion,

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive, who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one ſide of the theatre, were e-

cho'd

are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to wiſh generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions; but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be aſham'd of my long idleneſs, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, and your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults; which I own to be

be very uſeful: and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myſelf to a ſhorter receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the whole time of his diſcipline, yet at leaſt till your return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the moſt ſevere weather I ever felt; when, tho' I keep as near by the fire ſide as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis*; and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be ſtop'd. I have further great loſſes (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen—*Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis Corpora magna boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me that your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; for it muſt be expreſs'd very poetically, to ſay now, that the preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occaſion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly ſent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus*[a].

[a] *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.*

At length my Friend (while Time with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his paſt days ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;

This

perſecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been ſpared in the Eſſay, for that only reaſon. I can't conceive what ground he has for ſo exceſſive a reſentment; nor imagine how thoſe [b] three lines can be called a reflection on his perſon, which only deſcribe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occaſions. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious, as to fall down themſelves with that very blow which they deſign'd to lay heavy on their antagoniſts. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienced writers from ſcribling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not proſe: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: I confeſs it what the Engliſh call a Bull, in the

[b] But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

expreſſion,

expreſſion, tho' the ſenſe be manifeſt enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they are generally in the ſenſe.

I ſhall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him; not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the public, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it[c]. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceived (which would be of very ill conſequence) merely that I myſelf may be thought right (which is of very little conſequence.) I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known; it has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving

[c] In works of Poetry, and generally, in whatever concerns the *Compoſition* of a book, this rule is a very good one. In controverted *Opinions* the caſe is different. The advancement of truth, or the defence of an Author's honeſt fame, may ſometimes make it neceſſary, or expedient for him to anſwer the Objections made to his book.

to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that tho' his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attacked for his *Religion*, as, you'll find, I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the [a] oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, et ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

[a] See the enſuing Letter.

The

laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book juſt at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you informed me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The ſimile objected to in my Eſſay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a full ſtop: and what follows (*Meanly they ſeek, &c.*) ſpeaks only of wit (which is meant by that bleſſing, and that ſun) for how can

can the ſun of faith be ſaid to ſublime the ſouthern wits, and to ripen the genius's of northern climates? I fear, theſe gentlemen underſtand grammar as little as they do criticiſm: and, perhaps, out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the cenſure of ignorance, and to have it to themſelves. The word *they* refers (as, I am ſure, I meant, and as I thought every one muſt have known) to thoſe Critics there ſpoken of, who are partial to ſome particular ſett of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very ſimile itſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unleſs they call our church *one ſmall ſect:* and the cautious words *(by each man)* manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed miniſters and preſbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith tho' weak underſtanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, tho' it

be but a little pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you, notwithſtanding, I will do or ſay nothing, however provok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great ſaint, Eraſmus; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence[a], and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However, I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb

[a] I doubt this is not ſtrictly true. See his Anſwers to Lee, archbiſhop of York.

it

it for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a prieſt none: for, as St. Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you, in a clear light, the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion

aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics) than as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damned by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors, I grant, but I can't think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the Charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are ingaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt

moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be denied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I can't tell why, ſince now 'tis no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: For, as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be content to be laughed at, with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of Wit and Faith lay to the word They: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar ſerving to confute them)

them) then the objection was againſt the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superſtition muſt become a crime; as if Religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcover'd in a place that ſeemed innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are called *dull*, and becauſe I ſay that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * theſe objections: who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a catholic need to diſown; and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head, which, I confeſs, I can't but acquieſce in; that when a ſett of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to ob-

ject to the place they are really galled by: what theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom their tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter and to whom few will do juſtice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who as he never refuſed to any one of merit of any party the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerved it from all others, tho' of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes even after death. As I would always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for Tonſon's printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and, I fancy, a trea-

a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my poem of Windſor Foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow ſcribblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage; that

that whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much: therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my word, as you do yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour, in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

LETTER V.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the ſake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceaſed, that [a] Betterton's remains are fallen into ſuch hands as

[a] A Tranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome works of Mr. Pope, in 2 Vol. 12° by B. Lintot.

may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Beſides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am ſatisfied 'twill be doubly divine, and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſic the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſacred ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know, that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon yourſelf of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſs'd one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have, ſince I ſaw you, correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt,

Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatſoever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people uſually go into unknown or half-diſcover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they

are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet, we ſee, the world generally takes care they ſhall be ſo: whereas, if we took a conſiderate proſpect of the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhould be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow: all I ſhall ſay to you of them at preſent is, that they have not been my Relations theſe two months. The conſent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have ſhewn towards me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted in the caſe of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: ſo that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs

do

do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by a complaiſant and open kindneſs.—Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myſelf already: expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you would pleaſe me thoroughly, to ſay only you like what I write.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent; ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerved friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabile of the underſtanding. You have proved yourſelf more tender of another's embryo's than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have

preſerv'd every thing that I miſcarried of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me; yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in them from time to time the true and undiſguiſed ſtate of my mind. But I find, that theſe, which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that deprived of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are deſign'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing firſt upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remembrance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore; ſo, I hope, the foreknowledge

you

you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you: I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrow'd from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain; and whoſe works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my verſes are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault; I have endeavour'd my utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen-whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON[a]

Upon his having tranſlated into French Verſe the *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart as you have done thoſe of my head, in your excellent verſion of my Eſſay; I ſhould not only appear the beſt writer in the world, but, what I much more deſire to be thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the ſame time made others take my ſenſe, and taught me to underſtand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verſes are no more a tranſlation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the juſteſt imitation and the nobleſt Commentary.

In putting me into a French dreſs, you have not only adorned my outſide, but mended my ſhape; and, if I am now a good figure, I muſt

[a] Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont*, *Contes*, and other pieces of note in French.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, Mr. CONGREVE, etc.

From 1712, to 1715.

LETTER I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I Am at a ſolitude, an houſe between Hampſtead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who breath'd his laſt in this room,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;

Raiſe

LETTER II.

The Anſwer.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either ſolitude, or publick life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallow'd up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys and foreſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſign'd for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles*

LETTER III.

To Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and, I hope, have receiv'd ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength

ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy

this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in "length of time, or is meaſur'd by number of "years. But wiſdom is the grey hair to men, "and an unſpotted life is old age. He was "taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould "alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his "ſoul," &c. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or ſix men of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the Emperor Adrian ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its departure; in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

" Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of
" this body, thou fleeting thing that art now
" deſerting it! whither art thou flying? to
" what unknown ſcene? all trembling, fear-
" ful,

" ful, and penſive! what now is become of " thy former wit and humour? thou ſhalt jeſt " and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: 'tis the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes.— If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of Adrian, be pleas'd to inſert it in the Spectator; if not, to ſuppreſs it. I am, &c.

ADRIANI morientis Ad ANIMAM, TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing, chearful gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I Have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiſs, of weight enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Mr. Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow: after his peruſal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I deſire you would let me know whether you are at leiſure or not? I have a deſign which I ſhall open a month or two hence, with the aſſiſtance of the few like yourſelf. If your thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain myſelf further. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have ſhewn to the poem I ſent you, but will

will oblige me much more by the kind ſeverity I hope for from you. No errors are ſo trivial, but they deſerve to be mended. But ſince you ſay you ſee nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it ſo, that I have confin'd the attendance of [a] Guardian ſpirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to ſeveral, but 'tis my buſineſs to be informed of thoſe faults I do not know; and as for thoſe I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You ſpeak of that poem in a ſtyle I neither merit, nor expect; but, I aſſure you, if you freely mark or daſh out, I ſhall look upon your blots to be its greateſt beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addiſon and yourſelf ſhould like it in the whole; otherwiſe the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really ſo diffident of it as to let it lie by me theſe [b] two years, juſt as you now ſee it. I am afraid of nothing ſo much as to impoſe any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the laſt period of your letter, I ſhall be very ready and glad to contribute to any deſign that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am ſure, all yours do. I wiſh I had

[a] This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was the Poem here ſpoken of. P.

[b] Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was twenty-two years old. P.

but as much capacity as leiſure, for I am perfectly idle: (a ſign I have not much capacity.)

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. Addiſon of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eſteem he muſt be aſſur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I Am ſorry you publiſhed that notion about Adrian's verſes as mine: had I imagined you would uſe my name, I ſhould have expreſs'd my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But, I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might "fear no ſort of deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſolicitous whither his ſoul was going. As to what you mention of his

his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have own'd my opinion to be, that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Auguſtus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'twas the *homunciolum* that expreſs'd the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. STEELE.

Dec. 4. 1712.

THIS is to deſire of you that you would pleaſe to make an Ode as of a chearful dying ſpirit, that is to ſay, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three ſtanza's

for muſic. If you comply with this, and ſend me word ſo, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

LETTER IX.

I Do not ſend you word I will do, but have already done the thing you deſire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) juſt warm from the brain. It came to me the firſt moment I waked this morning: Yet, you'll ſee, it was not ſo abſolutely inſpiration, but that I had in my head not only the verſes of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The dying Chriſtian to his SOUL.

ODE.

I.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II. Hark!

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

LETTER X.

To Mr. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I Am more joy'd at your return than I ſhould be at that of the ſun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe night-birds was

Gay, whoſe zeal in your concern is worthy a a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the moſt preſſing terms about it, though with that juſt contempt of the Critic that he deſerves. I think in theſe days one honeſt man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when ſo many miſchievous inſects are daily at work to make people of merit ſuſpicious of each other; that they may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them look'd upon no better than themſelves. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The [a] Work you mention, will I dare ſay, very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your name appears with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall be

[a] The Tranſlation of the Iliad. P.

very

the Proſe[a] will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give yourſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content yourſelf with one half of the Nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreſerved converſation, and that we may do ſo many more, is the ſincere wiſh of Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (ſo tri-

[a] The notes to his tranſlation of Homer.

vial

vial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of and every body as he pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort of Tax that attends an eſtate in Parnaſſus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons who firſt debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleaſed that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myſelf, that you know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtaken in either, ſo 'tis a pleaſure to me that you gueſs'd ſo right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am ſorry to find it has taken air, that I have ſome hand in thoſe papers, becauſe I write ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt Jacobite

ſpoke

ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of ſour diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more Politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politics. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I aſſure you, as to myſelf, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent; but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) 'tis not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I gene-

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas [a], and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that

[a] See the Epiſtle to him in verſe, writ about this time. P.

my

my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho' never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of Creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T*

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded Generals, to be firſt envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: if they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for, I know, ſome critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the Miſcellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendſhip, and of late with my lord Hallifax's patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a perſon who has been well uſed by all ſides, has

der pretence of fortifying their author.] But it is no matter. The Critics and Commentators are to be abuſed, and any thing ſerves to do that.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by [a] one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to ſay, Civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office, nor ſo humble, as not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value myſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you: for

[a] See two Letters, from Mr. Jervas, and the Anſwer to it. Nº 22, 23. P.

to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and, you may be aſſured, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſervation upon Homer's Verſes of Siſyphus's Stone, as [a] never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happened to find the ſame in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus's Treatiſe, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you muſt needs have read, though it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmoſt eſteem, Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To the Honourable ——

June 8, 1714.

THE queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. Addiſon and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a

[a] Theſe words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life. P.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: but I can't tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launch'd into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human ſciences, which, I aſſure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for ſome years paſt, look'd upon all of them no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at every little diſappointment here, and even, in caſe of no diſap-

diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: for thoſe hate not more to be excell'd, than theſe to be rival'd: And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourſelf, and that the ſame or leſs induſtry might have gain'd you a friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction, which praiſe cannot beſtow nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (tho' in one reſpect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams of impreſſions upon the imagination: our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as

we are more overcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my bells to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of Reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhymes, when he ſhould be mending his own ſoul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a taſk naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you, but that

that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon Homer, whom, I almoſt fear, I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs, that very much affect my ſight, and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſt an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a taſk you undertake, when you profeſs yourſelf my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take you for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for a Tory, ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a rank Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts who will account you a Heretic.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that, I am ſatisfied, but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the

the beſt people I know. While you believe me what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may ſay; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of public perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being looked upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State or ruin the Public. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts,

all

all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them only becauſe they ſucceed.—Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I Am juſt enter'd upon the old way of life again, ſleep and muſing. It is my employment to revive the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours to tranſmit the young of the preſent, to the future. I am copying the great Maſter in one art, with the ſame love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I ſhould begin my Epiſtle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your

your own praiſe but what one only in the world is witneſs to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common diſcourſe: The firſt you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: ſo in ſhort the laſt only remains.

And as for the laſt, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd theſe five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the preſent world, its cuſtoms, and its manners, to be fully poſſeſs'd and abſorpt in the paſt? When people talk of going to Church, I think of ſacrifices and libations; when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him as Chryſes prieſt of Apollo; and inſtead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the ſilver Bow, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the Proteſtant Succeſſion, I conſider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criti-

ciſms?

ciſms? whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices, which are numberleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo entirely, that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My Rêverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think myſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee

you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe, I am pretty ſure, there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have lived to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders

the

the conſtant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an Overmeaſure of deference and regard, as anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; and which no body can pay, becauſe none but themſelves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in ſuſpence for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addiſon and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainſcot, or behind ſome half-length picture, to have heard. He aſſur'd me, that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art to do you ſome ſervice; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is ſenſible

that nothing can have a better air for himſelf than moving in your favour, eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he did not care you ſhould proſper too much as a poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault, if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animoſity; but now all is ſafe, and you are eſcap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare yourſelf for ſome civilities.

I have done Homer's head, ſhadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I incloſe the out-line of the ſame ſize, that you may determine whether you would have it ſo large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the Buſto? perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together with all ſincerity, I value myſelf upon it as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Anſwer.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I Am juſt arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there. Every one is much concern'd for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wiſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's verſes on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by Philips, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeem'd to be no very juſt one to me; ſo, I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but civility from

him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip. As for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man: nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſ-inform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſham'd to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſs'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpondence. The engagements I had to him were ſuch as the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to the ſubſcription for Homer, obliged me to. I muſt have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardſhip of aſking this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the ſame liberty.

berty—A curſe on the word Party, which I have been forc'd to uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent reign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honeſt and Knave, Fool and Man of ſenſe; theſe two ſorts muſt always be enemies; but for the reſt, may all people do as you and I, believe what they pleaſe, and be friends.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALLIFAX[a].

My LORD, Dec. 1, 1714.

I Am obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troubleſome or ſollicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the differenee I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is indeed a high

[a] See the note on ℣ 116. of his Imit. of the firſt Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much (as I ſincerely am)

Yours, &c.

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[a] LETTER XXV.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I Am writing you a long letter, but all the tedioufneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould be aſhamed to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable. What would you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to

[a] This, and the three Extracts following, concerning the Tranſlation of the firſt Iliad, ſet on foot by Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Pope has omitted in his firſt Edition. P.

attain

attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of happier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.——

My [b] Zoilus, which you us'd to write about, I finiſh'd laſt ſpring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

I have here ſeen the Firſt Book of Homer [c], which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is, that, a ſcholar being concerned, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he ſhould have ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you

[b] Printed for B. Lintot, 1715. 8°, and afterwards added to the laſt edition of his poems.

[c] Written by Mr. Addiſon, and publiſhed in the name of Mr. Tickell.

call

call *Ablution* by the word *offals*, and ſo leaving Water out of the rite of luſtration, &c. but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of the Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of London-derry.

July 7, 1715.

— Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myſelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, ſate in judgment upon the two new Tranſlations of the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to my country-men, I aſſure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr. —'s, and without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a thread-bare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

Extract

Extract from a LETTER of Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

— I have juſt ſet down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your tranſlation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addiſon ſaid the other tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language [a]. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the ſore finger. — I am inform'd that at Button's your character is made very free with as to Morals, &c. and Mr. Addiſon ſays, that your tranſlation and Tickel's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &c.

[a] Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addiſon, ſhews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addiſon himſelf "was the perſon who tranſ-"lated this book." P.

Extract

Extract from a LETTER of Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

— I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s firſt book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a tranſlation nicely true to the Original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the hiſtory of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq.

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewſbury, to aſſure you of the continuance of that eſteem and affection I have long born you, and the memory of ſo many agreeable converſations as we have paſs'd together. I wiſh it were a compliment to ſay,

ſuch converſations as are not to be found on this ſide of the water: for the Spirit of diſſenſion is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hoſpitality, ſociety, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine ſenſe, refin'd ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe; but for uſe and happineſs, give me a little common ſenſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome gentlemen, profeſs'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging fit of Politics. For, they tell me, the buſy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than theſe idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Tranſlation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my ſide; but it is uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in induſtry what they want in number, and that is the caſe with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well conſider'd, I muſt appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I tranſlated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate deſires of one man only. We have, it ſeems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother

on

on the throne; and has his mutes too, a ſett of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other offſprings of wit in their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt Miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the ſmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be reſpected, though we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us [a].

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book: And I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and ſoupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the

[a] We find here moſt of the ſentiments he ſoon after put into verſe on this occaſion.

"miniſter

"miniſter, but to the friend[b]." However it is ſome mark of uncommon regard to the miniſter that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion; I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not: the cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in diſcovering its own fault at firſt view; as when a ſtream ſhews the dirt at its bottom, it ſhews alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any thing an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner

[b] Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, publiſhed in the *Report of the Secret Committee.*

of

of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and cenſured by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in ſometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an Author as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleas'd with a ſaying of Monſieur Tourreil: "When a man writes, he ought "to animate himſelf with the thoughts of pleaſ-"ing all the world: but he is to renounce that "deſire or hope, the very moment the book "goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſterday, having paſs'd a few days in my way with

with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M——, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord Hallifax's. I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a Papiſt and a Poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, 'tis to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes, æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the What-d'ye-call-it [a] has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as a mere jeſt upon the Tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell, hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh;

[a] Written by Gay.

and ſays the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſs'd they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt nights (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſhed by very full audiences of the firſt Quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two critics ſeem determined to undeceive the town at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: to encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolved a Preface ſhall be prefix'd to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſhed by others,

others, but ſuffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of intereſt, as yet, whatever may be his proſpects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill; but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſour and pernicious quality ſhould be joined with ſo much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is poſſeſſed of.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addiſon is ſitting for his picture; in the mean time amidſt clouds of Tobacco at a coffee-houſe I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morice has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city, and Titcomb is reſtored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loſs for a perſon to converſe with upon the fathers and church-hiſtory; the

knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his ſkill in aſtronomy to him and Mr. Whiſton, ſo celebrated of late for his diſcovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verſes [a]. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be play'd in Eaſter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to perſonate a character directly oppoſite to female nature; for what woman ever deſpiſed Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight ſaves his head, by diſcovering it was the thing which all women moſt coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cauſes the ſheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a ſix-penny Criticiſm lately publiſhed upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is againſt the Pilgrim's Progreſs being read, which, he ſays, is directly levell'd at Cato's reading Plato; to back this cenſure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progreſs being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the

[a] Call'd, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. P.

reflection

reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) viſited the preſs. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of tragedy, which, he ſays, I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed[b]. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's houſe, I believe, will be publiſhed in the Eaſter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter foreſtall'd all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould be one to you to ſay, that I ſit up till two a clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become ſo much a rake, that I ſhall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any ſort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get the gout by drinking; purely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough to tranſlate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed and couch of my predeceſſor: pray cauſe the ſtuffing to be repaired, and the crutches ſhorten'd for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to ſay, all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we deſire you in your turn to condole

[b] This curious piece was entituled, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call it, written by one Griffin a Player, aſſiſted by Lewis Theobald. P.

with us, who are under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtemper which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticiſm. We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter (as you know there are in ſome diſeaſes) and it is the opinion of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets aſſail'd by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantula's, they dance on ſo much the faſter.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the precurſor to the coming of Homer, in a treatiſe called Homerides. He has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſms, and, after aſſaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the [c] What-d'ye-call it. Yet is there not a Proclamation iſſued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call it yet ſilenced by the Lord chamberlain.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May 6.

I Have the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your

[c] In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*. P.

friendſhip

friendſhip and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to expreſs in this letter. I do aſſure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very ſorry I had not the good luck to ſee the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleaſure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he miſſes me. As to my health, which you are ſo kind to enquire after, it is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid yet to ſay that it is better, for I cannot reaſonably expect much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; but in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfaction. At the ſame time that I regret the want of your converſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you are where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray, give my humble ſervice, and beſt wiſhes to your good mother. I am ſorry you don't tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I ſhould have been glad to have heard he was better. My young Amanuenſis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be

Your, &c.

P. S. By the incloſed you will ſee I am like to be impreſs'd, and enroll'd in the liſt of Mr. Curll's Authors; but, I thank God! I ſhall have your company. I believe it high time you ſhould think of adminiſtering another Emetic.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1714, to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you juſt now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never ſeen it before. Style, painting, judgment, ſpirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all thoſe images, alluſions, and inexplicable

explicable beauties, which you raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and at the ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot ſay that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts, the remembrance of one who values no happineſs beyond the friendſhip of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention ſome half-form'd deſign of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muſe that ſings ſo well in the bleak climate of England, if ſhe felt the ſame warm ſun and breathed the ſame air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the Ancients. Some among them, who underſtand Engliſh, begin to reliſh our Authors; and I am informed, that at Florence they have tranſlated Milton into Italian verſe. If one who knows ſo well how to write like the old Latin poets, came among them; it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predeceſſors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleaſure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's

Poet's while, to travel, in order to ſtore his mind with ſtrong images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling ſtreams are no where in ſuch perfection as in England: but if you would know lightſome days, warm ſuns, and blue ſkies, you muſt come to Italy: and to enable a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the Alps.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes me ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into theſe parts I ſhould fly to ſee you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months ſince left the greateſt part of his family in this town. God knows how long we ſhall ſtay here.

I am, Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you ſhall ſee by this letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay

I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this ſide of the ſea are under terrible apprehenſions from your long ſtay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (ſince the great ſucceſs of ſuch a play as the Non-juror) that politeneſs is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with Frogs, and with equal ſucceſs. Poor Poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to croſs the ſeas, and leave Euſden in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of the Britiſh laurel: and we begin to wiſh you had the ſinging of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourſelves, *in ſæcula ſæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your Swans would come hither, eſpecially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not ſing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the reſt of the world) a ſufferer by his idleneſs. Indeed I hate that any man ſhould be idle, while I muſt tranſlate and comment; and I may the more ſincerely wiſh for good poetry from others becauſe I am become a perſon out of the queſtion; for a Tranſlator is no more a poet, than a Taylor is a man.

You are, doubtleſs, perſuaded of the validity of that famous verſe,

'Tis

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Anti-chriſt; a man that hath abſented himſelf ſo long from his friends, ought to be put into the Gazettee.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that conſtant pair) cannot conſole themſelves for your abſence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: 'twill be a noble ſubject for a family piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful ſhadows, come to us, and ſee with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them) ſee, I ſay, how England has alter'd the airs of all its heads in your abſence: and with what ſneaking city attitudes our moſt celebrated perſonages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Forteſcue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my Lord Burlington deſires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flouriſh,

riſh, his ſtructures riſe, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themſelves to all about him: of whom I the meaneſt (next, to ſome Italian Fidlers, and Engliſh Bricklayers) am a living inſtance. Adieu.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmoſt to lead my life ſo pleaſantly as to forget all misfortunes, I ſhould tell you I reckoned your abſence no ſmall one; but I hope you have alſo had many good and pleaſant reaſons to forget your friends on this ſide the world. If a wiſh could tranſport me to you and your preſent companions, I could do the ſame. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful hoſt at his own table: I ſuppoſe he has perfectly learnt himſelf, what he has taught ſo many others, *rupta non inſanire lagena:* elſe he would not make a proper hoſt for your humble ſervant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glaſs as ſeldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a conſolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazineſs, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I ſhould reproach you for ſo long a ſilence. The beſt amends you can make for ſaying nothing to me, is by ſaying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and eſteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His ſpirit is awakened very much in the cauſe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely aſſigns no other reaſon, than that the ſaid Sir Richard has abuſed Dr. Swift. I have alſo ſuffered in the like cauſe, and ſhall ſuffer more: unleſs Parnelle ſends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Biſhop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols) it will be ſhortly, *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*—I love you all, as much as I deſpiſe moſt wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and ſay (ſince I am reduced to ſkin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne oſſa quidem habeas.*

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, aſcribe not to the uſual lazineſs of your correſpondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the converſation of Doctor Clarke: He entertain'd me with ſeveral drawings, and particularly with the original deſigns of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there ſaw and reverenced ſome of your firſt pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the Culex of Virgil and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to aſk what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his Frogs[a]? *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, might be Horace's wiſh, but will never be mine while I have ſuch *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the Spring will reſtore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you

[a] He tranſlated the Batrachom. of Homer, which is printed amongſt his Poems.

on

on the pleaſure you muſt take in being admir'd in your own country, which ſo ſeldom happens to Prophets and Poets: but in this you have the advantage of Poets; you are maſter of an art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious Iriſhman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he tranſlated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other vermine as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory painter. You have already done enough for the private, do ſomething for the public; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe Statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope

you think more warmly than ever of that deſign [b].

As to your enquiry about your houſe, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of thoſe of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandring Trojan,

animum Pictura paſcit inani.

For the ſpacious manſion, like a Turkiſh Caravanſerah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your houſe! Frank indeed does all he can in ſuch a circumſtance; for, conſidering he has a wild beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the door chain'd: Every time it is open'd, the links rattle, the ruſty hinges roar. The houſe ſeems ſo ſenſible that you are its ſupport, that it is ready to drop in your abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under its roof, as depending that Providence will preſerve ſo many Raphael's, Titian's, and Guido's, as are lodged in your Cabinet. Surely the ſins

[b] Mr. Pope uſed to ſay he had had an acquaintance with three eminent Painters, none of which had common ſenſe. Inſtead of valuing themſelves on their performances in that art, where they all had merit; the one was deep in military Architecture, without a line of Mathematics; the other in the doctrine of Fate, without a principle of Philoſophy; and the third in the tranſlation of Don Quixote without a word of Spaniſh.

of

of one Poet can hardly be ſo heavy, as to bring an old houſe over the heads of ſo many Painters. In a word, your houſe is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger [c].

LETTER V.

The Hon. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST poſt brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that it was a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this opinion, is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the example, and the ſubjects follow at a diſtance. The Ladies are of all parties [d], by which means the converſation of the men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes on Politics, and rough jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the

[c] Alluding to the ſtory of the Iriſhman.
[d] *i. e.* In all companies.

freedom of the women takes away all formality and conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe Beauties are a little too artificial for my taſte: you have ſeen a French picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of powder and eſſence in their hair, that you can ſee no difference between black and red. By diſuſing Stays and indulging themſelves at table, they run out of all ſhape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am ſurpriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much ſcandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a wit, or imagine I muſt write in this ſtyle to a wit; I hope you'll prove a good-natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble myſelf to finiſh finely; a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, that I am very ſincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Mr. FENTON.

SIR, May 5.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commiſſioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the Parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life (which, in my taſte, will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment. And, I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I ſhall have done in bringing you together [a], by ſeeing it in my own neighbour-

[a] Mr Craggs had had no learned education: he wanted to improve himſelf in knowledge of that kind, and deſired Mr. Pope to chuſe him out a polite ſcholar, by whoſe converſation and inſtruction he might improve himſelf in letters. Mr. Pope recommended Mr. Fenton: but Mr Craggs' untimely death prevented both from receiving the benefits of this connexion.

hood. Mr. Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe by mine, whither he propoſes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I deſire to know by the firſt poſt how ſoon I may hope for you?

I am a little ſcandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muſes have put ſo many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your queſtion, What I am doing? I anſwer, Juſt what I have been doing ſome years, my duty; ſecondly, relieving myſelf with neceſſary amuſements, or exerciſes, which ſhall ſerve me inſtead of phyſic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and laſtly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the eaſier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the conſciouſneſs of doing my beſt. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honeſt men, who think me not quite undeſerving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myſelf. I will add the ſincerity with which I act towards ingenious and unde-

ſigning

ſigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

Rev. Dean[a] BERKLEY, to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22. N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an iſland, where I paſſed three or four months; which, were it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The iſland Inarime is an epi-

[a] Afterwards Biſhop of Cloyne in Ireland, Author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philoſopher, &c. P.

tome of the whole earth, containing within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is in the hotteſt ſeaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards, intermix'd with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene, is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland (once a terrible Volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus) its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep; and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you have

have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been ſung by Homer and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two Heroes. The Iſlands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miſeno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia felice, make but a part of this noble landſcape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are without riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door: and yet by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among

theſe

theſe dangerous people. Would you know how we paſs the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: beſides the gaiety of their Churches (where folks go to ſee what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a ſort of religious opera) they make fireworks almoſt every week, out of devotion; the ſtreets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houſes and treat them with muſic and ſweatmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long ſince, that, being to viſit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by

Your &c.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to ***

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the boſom, to render the Soul of man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for[a]; yet even that would not do in our caſe, while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I ſhould be apt to think you in Sancho's caſe; ſome Duke has made you Governor of an iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtring laws to the wild Iriſh. But I muſt own, when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my ſtring; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himſelf Jupiter would have pardon'd the other madman who call'd himſelf his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has

[a] Our Author had a better reaſon, than he was at that time aware of, to *wiſh for this window:* not that his Friends might ſee *his heart*, to ſave him the trouble of profeſſions; but that he might ſee *theirs* to ſave himſelf the mortification of being ſo oft deceived, and his ſurviving Enemies the malignant pleaſure of finding how he had been bubbled.

been

been a Poet, was degraded to a Tranſlator, and at laſt, thro' mere dulneſs, is turned an Architect. You know Martial's cenſure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.* However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to ſurprize, (as Bays ſays) the next news you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The hiſtory of my Tranſplantation and ſettlement which you deſire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, ſhould I deſcribe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perſpectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raiſed, by the ſtrength of that faculty wherein all great Genius's excel, Imagination. At laſt, the Gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, in the diſtricts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have paſs'd an entire year of my life, without any fix'd abode in London, or more than caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at moſt in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my ſtructures riſe; for you my Colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aſpire, and roſes bloom. And, to ſay truth, I hope poſterity (which

(which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a manſion prepar'd to receive you, againſt your own ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the Fidelity of two ſuch Servants, who have excell'd in conſtancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myſelf? ſo much, and yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care or know, how to do it. But the very reaſons that are againſt putting it upon paper, are as ſtrong for telling it you in perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long denied the ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the Iriſh Sea, like the ghoſts in Virgil,

Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfuſa coërcet!

and I can't expreſs how I long to renew our old intercourſe and converſation, our morning conferences in bed in the ſame room, our evening walks in the park, our amuſing voyages on the water, our philoſophical ſuppers, our lectures, our diſſertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not? — This awakens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made a part in

in all theſe. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the death of the laſt: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whoſe memory I am erecting the beſt Monument I can. What he gave me to publiſh, was but a ſmall part of what he left behind him; but it was the beſt, and I will not make it worſe by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Cheſter, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for Weſtminſter-Abbey—After theſe, the beſt natur'd of Men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, and worſe hearts have branded even his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with Irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian without knowing himſelf to be ſo[a], it was Dr. Garth.

Your, &c.

[a] This ſuppoſes rather an abſolute *ignorance* of Chriſtianity than a *rejection* of it.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ****

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of Wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe Lawyers who deſerve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at leaſt procure you one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſings, Health. What an advantageous circumſtance is it, for one that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave and reputable rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a ſuperior genius to me in rambling; you, like a Pigeon (to which I would ſooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly ſome hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor ſquirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe of a ſhopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his buſineſs all the while. Your letter of the Cauſe lately before

fore you, I could not but communicate to ſome ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correſpondence of the ſame ſort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the ſex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a moſt happy union of Truth and Scandal. I aſſure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of *grave and ſad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord chief Juſtice A. Judge P. and Counſellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his noſe, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwitſtanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintott, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who, mounted on a ſtone-horſe (no diſagreeable companion to your

your Lordſhip's mare) overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſign'd for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I aſk'd him where he got his horſe? He anſwer'd, he got it of his Publiſher: "For that "rogue my Printer (ſaid he) diſappointed me: "I hoped to put him in good-humour by a "treat at the tavern, of a brown fricaſſee of "rabbits, which coſt two ſhillings, with two "quarts of wine, beſides my converſation. I "thought myſelf cockſure of his horſe, which "he readily promis'd me, but ſaid that Mr. "Tonſon had juſt ſuch another deſign of going "to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of "a new kind of Horace from Dr.—, and if Mr. "Tonſon went, he was preingaged to attend "him, being to have the printing of the ſaid "copy.

"So in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of "my publiſher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon "for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you "ſee after me: he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, "and coſt me near two hours to waſh the ink "off his face; but the Devil is a fair-condition'd "Devil, and very forward in his Catechiſe: if "you have any more baggs, he ſhall carry "them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner. "Now "damn them! what if they ſhould put it into "the news-paper, how you and I went toge- "ther to Oxford? what would I care? If I "ſhould go down into Suſſex, they would ſay "I was gone to the Speaker. But what of "that? If my ſon were but big enough to go "on with the buſineſs, by G—d I would keep "as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. "The lad "(ſays he) has fine parts, but is ſomewhat ſick- "ly, much as you are— I ſpare for nothing in "his Education at Weſtminſter. Pray, don't "you think Weſtminſter to be the beſt ſchool "in England? moſt of the late Miniſtry came "out of it, ſo did many of this Miniſtry; I "hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at Oxford? "To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) the "Univerſities do but make Pedants, and I in- "tend to breed him a man of buſineſs."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerv'd he ſate uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſs'd

ſome

ſome ſollicitude: Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty "pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if "you amus'd yourſelf in turning an ode, till "we mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what "a clever Miſcellany might you make at leiſure "hours?" Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trott very much awakens my ſpirits: then jog on a pace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtop'd ſhort, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone? "I anſwer'd, Seven miles. Z—ds, Sir, ſaid "Lintot, I thought you had done ſeven ſtan-"za's. Oldſworth, in a ramble round Wimble-"ton-hill, would tranſlate a whole ode in half "this time. I'll ſay that for Oldſworth (tho' "I loſt by his Timothy's) he tranſlates an ode "of Horace the quickeſt of any man in Eng-"land. I remember Dr. King would write "verſes in a tavern three hours after he could "not ſpeak: and there's Sir Richard, in that "rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-"ditch and St. Giles's pound, ſhall make you "half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of Tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (reply'd he) thoſe are the ſaddeſt "pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry "fit, they'll ſwear they underſtand all the lan-"guages in the univerſe: I have known one of "them take down a Greek book upon my "counter and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I muſt "read it from the latter end. By G—d I can "never be ſure in theſe fellows, for I neither "underſtand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian "myſelf. But this is my way; I agree with "them for ten ſhillings per ſheet, with a pro-"viſo, that I will have their doings corrected "by whom I pleaſe; ſo by one or other they "are led at laſt to the true ſenſe of an author; "my judgment giving the negative to all my "tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? "Why "I get any civil gentleman, (eſpecially any "Scotchman) that comes into my ſhop, to "read the original to me in Engliſh; by this "I know whether my firſt tranſlator be defi-"cient, and whether my corrector merits his "money or not?

"I'll tell you what happen'd to me laſt "month: I bargain'd with S* for a new ver-"ſion of Lucretius to publiſh againſt Tonſon's; "agreeing to pay the author ſo many ſhillings

"at

" at his producing ſo many lines. He made a " great progreſs in a very ſhort time, and I " gave it to the corrector to compare with the " Latin; but he went directly to Creech's tranſ- " lation, and found it the ſame word for word, " all but the firſt page. Now, what d'ye think I " did? I arreſted the tranſlator for a cheat; nay, " and I ſtopt the corrector's pay too, upon this " proof that he had made uſe of Creech inſtead " of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? " Sir (ſaid he) nothing more eaſy. I " can ſilence the moſt formidable of them: the " rich ones for a ſheet a piece of the blotted ma- " nuſcript, which coſts me nothing; they'll " go about with it to their acquaintance, and " pretend they had it from the author, who " ſubmitted to their correction: this has given " ſome of them ſuch an air, that in time they " come to be conſulted with, and dedicated to, " as the top Critics of the town.—As for the " poor critics, I'll give you one inſtance of my " management, by which you may gueſs at " the reſt. A lean man, that look'd like a very " good ſcholar, came to me t'other day; he " turn'd over your Homer, ſhook his head, " ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, and piſh'd at every " line of it: One would wonder (ſays he) at " the ſtrange preſumption of ſome men; Ho-

" mer is no ſuch eaſy taſk, that every ſtripling, " every verſifier—He was going on, when my " wife call'd to dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will you " pleaſe to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. " Lintot, ſaid he, I am ſorry you ſhould " be at the expence of this great book, I am " really concern'd on your account—Sir, I am " much obliged to you: if you can dine upon " a piece of beef, together with a ſlice of pud- " ding—Mr. Lintot, I do not ſay but Mr. " Pope, if he would condeſcend to adviſe with " men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon " the table, if you pleaſe to go in—My critic " complies, he comes to a taſte of your poetry, " and tells me in the ſame breath, that the " book is commendable, and the pudding ex- " cellent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return " to the frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, " Is it the opinion of your friends at court that " my Lord Lanſdown will be brought to the " bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. " That may be (re- " ply'd Mr. Lintot) but by G-d if he is not, " I ſhall loſe the printing of a very good " Trial."

Theſe, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which

which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt myſelf from your horſe at your feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

(In anſwer to a Letter in which he incloſed the Deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.)

PLINY was one of thoſe few author, who had a warm houſe over his heads nay two houſes, as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have inform'd the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their Bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he firſt introduc'd himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatyrs he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talk'd ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for your Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours, but, finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts

parts of it ſo detach'd one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the Front; indeed I don't know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavour'd to get into this houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect after the entry through the Porch to be let into the hall: alas nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like thoſe of the Ancients, continually ſmoaking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchin.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flank'd on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty matchlock muſquet

muſquet or two, which we were inform'd had ſerv'd in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a Knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſhed with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have dined in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mill-dew'd pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them; theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner, for the windows being

being every where broken make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole call'd the chaplain's ſtudy: then follow a brew-houſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervants hall, and by the ſide of it up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet for her private devotions; which has a lettice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at ſame time as ſhe pray'd, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vaſt vault to the top of the Houſe; where one overture ſerves to let out the ſmoke, and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror

horror of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted Tiger ſtuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms: you never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decay'd, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of Packet-boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this Seat, for the very rats of this venerable houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There

is

is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtance left them in the few remaining books of the Library.

We had never ſeen half what I had deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertain'd us as we paſs'd from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he informed us where ſtood the triple rows of buts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (ſays he, with tears) was poor Sir "Thomas! once maſter of all this drink. He "had two ſons, poor young maſters! who ne-"ver arrived to the age of his beer; they both "fell ill in this very room, and never went out "on their own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nail'd up, and our guide whiſper'd to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this

this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have

the

the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhall therefore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how much I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

The D. of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.

YOU deſire my opinion as to the late diſpute in France concerning Homer: And I think it excuſable (at an age alas! of not much pleaſure) to amuſe myſelf a little in taking notice of a controverſy, than which nothing is at preſent more remarkable (even in a nation who value themſelves ſo much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illuſtrious ſubject of it, and of the two perſons ingaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric kind of Poetry, even in the opinion of his very adverſary. The other a Lady (and of more value for being ſo) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that ſort of it which moſt becomes her Sex for ſoftneſs, genteelneſs, and promoting of virtue; and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable as other parts of ſcholarſhip, to rough diſputes, or violent animoſity.

Yet

Yet it has ſo happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity itſelf, have been more outragious or uncharitable than theſe two polite authors; by ſuffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may uſe that expreſſion) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an Author under debate. I wiſh for the ſake of the public, which is now ſo well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third man who is ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the beſt of all Poets certainly deſerved a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this taſk as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right[a]) ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and

[a] A thought of Cervantes.

conſequently

conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo enamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of Lyric poetry, was ſo far introduced by her into thoſe beauties of the Epic kind (tho' but in that way of tranſlation) as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extremely tranſcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for vanity on all occaſions, he was not content to out-do M. D'Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the ſame enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet, I muſt needs ſay, his excellencies are ſuch, that for their ſakes

he deſerves a much gentler touch for his ſeeming errors. Theſe if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an apology for having retain'd them only out of meer veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appear'd much greater than by the beſt of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at ſome odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to gueſs what can be the reaſon of theſe exceptions againſt Homer, from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, contrary to the general cuſtom of tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſingular, in getting above the title of a Tranſlator, tho' ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. For ſuch an ambition no body has leſs occaſion, than one who is ſo fine a Poet in other kinds; and who muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can intitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himſelf: tho' no man in this age ſeems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt

(with

(with all his faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Beſides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much ſkill and taſte both, as the being throughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare:* Since as good a Poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a Critic as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſs'd a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a War is not capable of being deſcribed without it) but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horror, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spanioletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo very movingly painted. Even Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his

ſtrongeſt objection about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient cauſe to blame his inraged adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

M. D'Acier might have conſider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam D'Acier's anger againſt M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſh'd out of his common-wealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to as excellent proſe.

The

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, its being in a cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering, notwithſtanding ever ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing Hector's ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

LETTER XIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I

cannot think quite ſo highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her huſband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good Senſe, Penetration, and a better Taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's Art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any author whatever [a]. In truth, they are much more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are, beſides, for the moſt part leſs her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek ſcholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to ſee them; yet I have had ſo much of the French complaiſance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without obſerving upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever ſeen my

[a] This is a juſt Character of that excellent Critic.

obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte; I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no Idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry, but what he learn'd from Madam Dacier's Proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant Proſe-tranſlation before, that of Monſieur de la Valterie; ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults, in the one, and of confeſſing none in the other: But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate, or ſenſible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Cambray) I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no diſputants even in Divinity could be more outragious and uncharitable than theſe two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to be-

lieve of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the ſame intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhould have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the flight of Hector upon the firſt appearance of Achilles in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew myſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it in my Notes on that book. And to ſave myſelf what trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate paper, which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſs'd over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may. But, I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented

mented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I think "an imminent and real one, and I promiſe you "I'll be as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſeable thing in the world. This blow has ſo rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolickſome and gay he is turn'd grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, caſes, petitions, and abundance of unanſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſs'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſome ſuch author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office

office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret. It is with ſome pleaſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſte, only that I will never forgive you if you don't uſe my aforeſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongſt the number of your friends and humble ſervants.

LETTER XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I Am glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am ſure, they could not; you are not ſo much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of ſixteen, and (what makes him

him ſtill more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in an attendance upon death, which has ſeized one of our family: my mother is ſomething better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one compared with my mother's becauſe my life is not of half the conſequence to any body that her's is to me. All theſe incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you deſire it ſhould; namely the railing papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal; as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, merely by coming out.

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one. To break its peace, there muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their day, like ſome poor ſhort-lived vermine that die in ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſhood is Folly (ſays Homer) and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world: in the next, 'tis charity to ſay, God have mercy on them! they were

only copy whereof I ſend you) but you never ſhall ſuppreſs that great, ſincere, and entire reſpect, with which I am always,

My Lord,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR, Bramton Caſtle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes enclos'd? my mind reproach'd me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You aſk my conſent to publiſh it: to what ſtreights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnel, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I ſhould be glad the world knew You admitted me to your friendſhip, and ſince your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world

world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact copy of the verſes, that I may keep the Original, as a teſtimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am

Your, &c.

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were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I've had an occaſion to make theſe reflections of late more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordſhip may be ſurpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better deſerved it. I hope